SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Sabbath Evening.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

How calmly sinks the parting sun!
Yet Twilight lingers still,
And beautiful as dreams of Heaven
It slumbers on the hill;
Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things,
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
And, rendering back the hues above,
Seems resting in a trance of Love.

Round yonder rocks the forest trees
In shadowy groups recline,
Like nuns at evening bowed in prayer
Around their holy shrine;
And through their leaves the night winds blow
So calm and still—their music low
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer
Soft echoed on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,
Retiring from the sky,
So calmly move, so softly glow,
They seem to Fancy's eye
Bright creatures of a better sphere
Come down at noon to worship here,
And from their sacrifice of love
Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
The night arch floating high,
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
The bright streams leaping by,
Are living with Religion—deep
On earth and sea its glories sleep
And mingle with the starlight rays
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve
Comes through the silent air
To feeling's hidden spring and wakes
A gush of music there!
And the far depths of ether beam
So passing fair we almost dream
That we can rise and wander through
Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,
Each pulse is beating wild,
And thought is soaring to the shrine
Of glory undefiled!
And holy aspirations start
Like blessed Angels from the heart
And bind—for earth's dark ties are riven—
Our spirits to the gates of Heaven.

From Master Humphrey's Chronicles of the Giants.

THE BROKEN SWORD.

BY BOZ.

In the sixteenth century and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory (albeit many of her golden days are rusted with blood) there lived in the city of London a bold young 'prentice who loved his master's daughter. There were no doubt within the walls a great many young 'prentices in this condition, but I speak of only one, and his name was Hugh Graham.

This Hugh was apprenticed to an honest Bowyer who dwelt in the ward of Cheype and was rumored to possess great wealth. Rumor was quite as infallible in those days as at the present time, but it happened then as now, to be sometimes right by accident. It stumbled upon the truth when it gave the old Bowyer a mint of money. His trade had been a profitable one in the time of Henry the Eighth, who encouraged English archery to the utmost, and he had been prudent and discreet. Thus it came to pass that Mistress Alice his only daughter was the richest heiress in all his wealthy ward. Young Hugh had often maintained with staff and cudgel that she was the handsomest. To do him justice, I believe she was.

If he could have gained the heart of pretty Mistress Alice by knocking this conviction into stubborn people's heads, Hugh would have had no cause to fear. But though the Bowyer's daughter smiled in secret to hear of his doughty deeds for her sake, and though her little waiting woman reported all her smiles (and many more) to Hugh, and though he was at a vast expense in kisses and small coin to recompense her fidelity, he made no progress in his love. He durst not whisper it to Mistress Alice save on sure encouragement, and that she never gave him. A glance of her dark eye as she sat at the door on a summer's evening after prayer time, while he and the neighboring 'prentices exercised themselves in the street with blunted sword and buckler, would fire Hugh's blood so that none could stand before him; but then she glanced at others quite as kindly as on him, and where was the use of cracking crowns if Mistress Alice smiled upon the cracked as well as on the cracker?

Still Hugh went on, and loved her more and more. He thought of her all day, and dreamed of her all night long. He treasured up her every word and gesture, and had a palpitation of the heart whenever he heard her footstep on the stairs or her voice in an adjoining room. To him, the old Bowyer's house was haunted by an angel; there was enchantment in the air and space in which she moved. It would have been no miracle to Hugh if flowers had sprung from the rush-strewn floors beneath the tread of lovely Mistress Alice.

Never did 'prentice long to distinguish himself in the eyes of his lady-love so ardently as Hugh. Sometimes he pictured to himself the house taking fire by night, and he, when all drew back in fear, rushing through flame and smoke and bearing her from the ruins in his arms. At other times he thought of a rising of fierce rebels, an attack upon the city, a strong assault upon the Bowyer's house in particular, and he falling on the threshold pierced with numberless wounds in defence of Mistress Alice. If he could only enact some prodigy of valor, do some wonderful deed and let her know that she had inspired it, he thought he could die contented.

Sometimes the Bowyer and his daughter would go out to supper with a worthy citizen at the fashionable hour of six o'clock, and on such occasions Hugh wearing his blue 'prentice cloak as gallantly as 'prentice might, would attend with a lantern and his trusty club to escort them home. These were the brightest moments of his life. To hold the light while Mistress Alice picked her steps, to touch her hand as he helped her over broken ways, to have her leaning on his arm—it sometimes even came to that—this was happiness indeed!

When the nights were fair, Hugh followed in the rear, his eyes riveted on the graceful figure of the Bowyer's daughter as she and the old man moved on before him. So they threaded the narrow winding streets of the city, now passing beneath the overhanging gables of old wooden houses whence creaking signs projected into the street, and now emerging from some dark and frowning gateway into the clear moonlight. At such times, or when the shouts of straggling brawlers met her ear, the Bowyer's daughter would look back at Hugh beseeching him to draw nearer; and then how he grasped his club and longed to do battle with a dozen ruffers, for the love of Mistress Alice!

The old Bowyer was in the habit of lending money on interest to the gallants of the Court, and thus it happened that many a richly-dressed gentleman dismounted at his door. More waving plumes and gallant steeds, indeed, were seen at the Bowyer's house, and more embroidered silks and velvets sparkled in his dark shop and darker private closet than at any merchant's in the city. In those times no less than in the present it would seem that the richest-looking cavaliers often wanted money the most.

Of these glittering clients there was one who always came alone. He was always nobly mounted, and having no attendant gave his horse in charge to Hugh while he and the Bowyer were closeted within. Once as he sprung into the saddle Mistress Alice was seated at an upper window, and before she could withdraw he had doffed his jewelled cap and kissed his hand. Hugh watched him caracoling down the street, and burnt with indignation. But how much deeper was the glow that reddened in his cheeks when raising his eyes to the casement he saw that Alice watched the stranger too!

He came again and often, each time arrayed more gaily than before, and still the little casement showed him Mistress Alice. At length one heavy day, she fled from home. It had cost her a hard struggle, for all her old father's gifts were strewn about her chamber as if she had parted from them one by one and knew that the time must come when those tokens of his love would wring her heart—yet she was gone.

She left a letter commending her poor father to the care of Hugh, and wishing he might be happier than he ever could have been with her, for he deserved the love of a better and a purer heart than she had to bestow. The old man's forgiveness (she said) she had no power to ask, but she prayed God to bless him—and so ended with a blot upon the paper where her tears had fallen.

At first the old man's wrath was kindled, and he carried his wrong to the Queen's throne itself; but there was no redress he learnt at Court, for his daughter had been conveyed abroad. This afterward appeared to be the truth, as there came from France, after an interval of several years, a letter in her hand. It was written in trembling characters, and almost illegible. Little could be made out save that she often thought of home and her old dear pleasant room—and that she had dreamt her father was dead and had not blessed her—and that her heart was breaking.

The poor old Bowyer lingered on, never suffering Hugh to quit his sight, for he knew now that he had loved his daughter and that was the only link that bound him to earth. It broke at length, and he died, bequeathing his old 'prentice his trade and all his wealth, and solemnly charging him, with his last breath, to revenge his child if ever he who had worked her misery crossed his path in life again.

From the time of Alice's flight, the tilting-ground, the fields, the fencing-school, the summer evening sports, knew Hugh no more. His spirit was dead within him. He rose to great eminence and repute among the citizens, but he was never seen to smile, and never mingled in their revelries or rejoicings. Brave, humane, and generous, he was loved by all. He was pitied too by those who knew his story; and these were so many, that when he walked along the streets alone at dusk, even the rude common people doffed their caps, and mingled a rough air of sympathy with their respect.

One night in May—it was her birth-night, and twenty years since she had left her home—Hugh Graham sat in the room she had hallowed in his boyish days. He was now a grey-haired man, though still in the prime of life. Old thoughts had borne him company for many hours, and the chamber had gradually got quite dark, when he was roused by a low knocking at the outer door.

He hastened down, and, opening it, saw by the light of a lamp which he had seized in the way, a female figure crouching in the portal. It hurried swiftly past him, and glided up the stairs. He looked out for pursuers. There were none in sight.

He was inclined to think it a vision of his own brain, when suddenly a vague suspicion of the truth flashed upon his mind. He barred the door and hastened wildly back. Yes, there she was—there, in the chamber he had quitted,—there in her old innocent happy home, so changed that none but he could trace one gleam of what she had been—there upon her knees—with her hands clasped in agony and shame before her burning face.

"My God, my God!" she cried, "now strike me dead! Though I have brought death and shame and sorrow on this roof, oh, let me die at home in mercy!"

There was no tear upon her face then, but she trembled and glanced round the chamber. Everything was in its old place. Her bed looked as if she had risen from it but that morning. The sight of these familiar objects marking the dear remembrance in which she had been held, and the blight she had brought upon herself, was more than the woman's better nature that had carried her there, could bear. She wept and fell upon the ground.

A rumor was spread about, in a few days' time, that the Bowyer's cruel daughter had come home, and that Master Hugh Graham had given her lodging in his house. It was rumored too that he had resigned her fortune, in order that she might bestow it in acts of charity, and that he had vowed to guard her in her solitude, but that they were never to see each other more. These rumors greatly incensed all virtuous wives and daughters in the ward, especially when they appeared to receive some corroboration from the circumstance of Master Graham taking up his abode in another tenement hard by. The estimation in which he was held, however, forbade any questioning on the subject, and as the Bowyer's house was close shut up, and nobody came forth when public shows and festivities were in progress, or to flaunt in the public walks, or to buy new fashions at the mercers' booths, all the well conducted females agreed among themselves that there could be no woman there.

These reports had scarcely died away when the wonder of every good citizen, male and female, was utterly absorbed and swallowed up by a Royal Proclamation, in which her Majesty, strongly censuring the practice of wearing long Spanish rapiers, of preposterous length, as being a bullying and swaggering custom, tending to blood-shed and public disorder, commanded that on a particular day therein named, certain grave citizens should repair to the city gates, and there, in public, break all rapiers worn or carried by persons claiming admission, that exceeded, though it were only by a quarter of an inch, three standard feet in length.

Royal Proclamations usually take their course, let the public wonder never so much. On the appointed day two citizens of high repute took up their stations at each of the gates, attended by a party of the city guard; the main body to enforce the Queen's will, and take custody of all such rebels (if any) as might have the temerity to dispute it; and a few to bear the standard measures and instruments for reducing all unlawful sword-blades to the prescribed dimensions. In pursuance of these arrangements, Master Graham and another were posted at Lud Gate, on the hill before Saint Paul's.

A pretty numerous company were gathered together at this spot, for, besides the officers in attendance to enforce the proclamation, there was a motley crowd of lookers-on of various degrees, who raised from time to time such shouts and cries as the circumstances called forth. A spruce young courtier was the first who approached; he unsheathed a weapon of burnished steel that shone and glistened in the sun, and handed it with the newest air to the officer, who, finding it exactly three feet long, returned it with a bow. Thereupon the gallant raised his hat, and crying "God save the Queen," passed on amidst the plaudits of the mob. Then came another—a better courtier still—who wore a blade but two feet long, whereat the people laughed, much to the disparagement of his honor's dignity. Then came a third, a sturdy old officer of the army, girded with a rapier at least a foot and a half beyond her Majesty's pleasure; at him they raised a great shout, and most of the spectators (but especially those who were armorers or cutlers) laughed very heartily at the breakage which would ensue.—But they were disappointed, for the old campaigner, coolly unbuckling his sword and bidding his servant carry it home again, passed through unarmed, to the great indignation of all the spectators. They relieved themselves in some degree by hooting a tall blustering fellow with a prodigious weapon, who stopped short on coming in sight of the preparations, and after a little consideration turned back again; but all this time no rapier had been broken, although it was high noon, and all cavaliers of any quality or appearance were taking their way toward Saint Paul's churchyard.

During these proceedings, Master Graham had stood apart, strictly confining himself to the duty imposed upon him, and taking little heed of anything beyond. He stepped forward now, as a richly dressed gentleman, on foot, followed by a single attendant, was seen advancing up the hill.

As this person drew nearer, the crowd stopped their clamor, and bent forward with eager looks. Master Graham standing alone in the gateway, and the stranger coming slowly toward him, they seemed, as it were, set face to face. The nobleman (for he looked one) had a haughty and disdainful air, which bespoke the slight estimation in which he held the citizen. The citizen on the other hand preserved the resolute bearing of one who was not to be frowned down or daunted, and who cared very little for any nobility but that of worth and manhood. It was perhaps some consciousness on the part of each, of these feelings in the other, that infused a more stern expression into their regards as they came closer together.

"Your rapier, worthy Sir!"

At the instant that he pronounced these words, Graham started, and falling back some paces, laid his hand upon the dagger in his belt.

"You are the man whose horse I used to hold before the Bowyer's door? You are that man? Speak!"

"Out, you 'prentice hound!" said the other.

"You are he! I know you well!" cried Graham. "Let no man step between us two, or I shall be his murderer." With that he drew his dagger and rushed in upon him.

The stranger had drawn his weapon from the scabbard ready for the scrutiny, before a word was spoken. He made a thrust at his assailant, but the dagger which Graham clutched in his left hand being the dirk in use at that time for parrying such blows, promptly turned the point aside. They closed. The dagger fell rattling upon the ground, and Graham wresting his adversary's sword from his grasp, plunged it through his heart. As he drew it out it snapped in two, leaving a fragment in the dead man's body.

All this passed so swiftly that the bystanders looked on without an effort to interfere; but the man was no sooner down than an uproar broke forth which rent the air. The attendant rushing through the gate proclaimed that his master, a nobleman, had been set upon and slain by a citizen; the word quickly spread from mouth to mouth; Saint Paul's cathedral, and every bookshop, ordinary, and smoking-house in the churchyard poured out its stream of cavaliers and their followers, who, mingling together in a denser tumultuous body, struggled, sword in hand, toward the spot.

With equal impetuosity, and stimulating each other by loud cries and shouts, the citizens and common people took up the quarrel on their side, and encircling Master Graham a hundred deep, forced him from the gate. In vain he waved the broken sword above his head, crying that he would die on London's threshold for their sacred homes. They bore him on, and ever keeping him in the midst so that no man could attack him, fought their way into the city.

The clash of swords and roar of voices, the dust and heat and pressure, the trampling under foot of men, the distracted looks and shrieks of women at the windows above as they recognised their relatives or lovers in the crowd, the rapid tolling of alarm bells, the furious rage and passion of the scene were fearful. Those who being on the outskirts of each crowd could use their weapons with effect, fought desperately, while those behind maddened with baffled rage, struck at each other over the heads of those before them, and crushed their own fellows. Wherever the broken sword was seen above the people's heads, toward that spot the cavaliers made a new rush. Every one of these charges was marked by sudden gaps in the throng where men were trodden down, but as fast as they were made, the tide swept over them, and still the multitude pressed on again, a confused mass of swords, clubs, staves, broken plumes, fragments of rich cloaks and doublets, and angry bleeding faces, all mixed up together in inextricable disorder.

The design of the people was to force Master Graham to take refuge in his dwelling, and to defend it until the authorities could interfere, or they could gain time for parley. But either from ignorance, or in the confusion of the moment, they stopped at his old home, which was closely shut. Some time was lost in beating the doors open and passing him to the front. About a score of the boldest of the other party threw themselves into the torrent while this was being done, and reaching the door at the same moment with himself, cut him off from his defenders.

"I never will turn in such a righteous cause, so help me Heaven!" cried Graham, in a voice that at last made itself heard, and confronting them as he spoke. "Least of all will I turn upon this threshold, which owes its desolation to such men as ye. I give no quarter, and I will have none!—Strike!"

For a moment they stood at bay. At that moment a shot from an unseen hand—apparently fired by some person who had gained access to one of the opposite houses,—struck Graham in the brain and he fell dead. A wail was heard in the air; many people in the concourse cried that they had seen a spirit glide across the little casement window of the Bowyer's house.

A dead silence succeeded. After a short time some of the flushed and heated throng lay down their arms, and softly carried the body within doors. Others fell off or slunk away in knots of two or three, others whispered together in groups, and before a numerous guard, which then rode up, could muster in the street, it was nearly empty.

Those who carried Master Graham to the bed up-stairs were shocked to see a woman lying beneath the window with her hands clasped together. After trying to recover her in vain, they laid her near the citizen, who still retained, tightly grasped in his right hand, the first and last sword that was broken that day at Lud Gate.

True Piety.—There is a devotion that resembles the blaze of straw; but that which is spiritual, is like the fire on the Jewish altar—kindled from above, and which never went out. It is a stream fed by a living fountain; not a sudden torrent, however wide or impetuous at one time, produced by the melting of the snow, or a sudden thunder-storm. The water, says the Saviour, "that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."

Good Breeding.—Great talent renders a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning esteem; but good breeding alone insures love and affection.

From the Churchman.

Matin Bells.

"Awake up, my glory—awake up, my harp; I will awake right early."—*Psalter.*

The sun is up betimes,
And the dappled East is blushing,
And the bonny matin chimes,
They are gushing, Christian, gushing;
They are telling in the tower
For another day begun,
And to hail the rising hour
Of a brighter, brighter sun!
—Rise, Christian, rise!
For a sunshine, brighter far,
Is breaking o'er thine eyes,
Than the bonny morning star.

The lark is in the sky,
And his morning note is pouring;
He hath a wing to fly,
So he's soaring, Christian, soaring;
His nest is on the ground,
But only in the night,
For he loves the matin sound
And the highest heaven's height!
—Hark, Christian, hark!
At heaven's gate he sings,
Oh, be thou like the lark,
With thy soaring spirit wing.

The bonny matin bells
In their watch tower they are swinging,
For the day is o'er the dells,
And they are singing, Christian, singing!
They have caught the morning beam
Through their ivied turret's wreath,
And they know the windows' gleam,
And the chancel rails beneath
—Go, Christian, go!
For the altar hath a glare,
And the snowy vestments glow
Of the presbyter at prayer.

There is morning incense flung
From the childlike lily flowers,
And their fragrant censer swung
Make it ours, Christian, ours!
And hark! our mother's hymn,
And the organ peals we love!
They sound like Cherubim
At their early lauds above
—Pray, Christian, pray,
At the bonny peep of dawn,
Ere the dew drop, and the spray
That christen it, are gone. A. C. C.

From the Knickerbocker for May.

THE CRAYON PAPERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Sir: In the following memoir, I have conformed to the facts furnished by the Arabian chroniclers, as cited by the learned Conde. The story of Abderahman has almost the charm of romance; but it derives a higher interest from the heroic yet gentle virtues which it illustrates, and from recording the fortunes of the founder of that splendid dynasty, which shed such a lustre upon Spain, during the domination of the Arabs. Abderahman may, in some respects, be compared to our own Washington. He achieved the independence of Moslem Spain, freeing it from subjection to the caliphs; he united its jarring parts under one government; he ruled over it with justice, clemency, and moderation; his whole course of conduct was distinguished by wonderful forbearance and magnanimity; and when he died, he left a legacy of good example and good counsel to his successors. G. C.

ABDERAHMAN.

OR THE WASHINGTON OF SPAIN.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

"Blessed be God!" exclaims an Arabian historian; "in His hands alone is the destiny of princes. He overthrows the mighty, and humbles the haughty to the dust; and he raises up the persecuted and afflicted from the very depths of despair!"

The illustrious house of Omeya had swayed the sceptre at Damascus for nearly a century, when a rebellion broke out, headed by Aboul Abbas Safah, who aspired to the throne of the caliphs, as being descended from Abbas, the uncle of the prophet. The rebellion was successful. Marvan, the last caliph of the house of Omeya, was defeated and slain. A general proscription of the Ommiades took place. Many of them fell in battle; many were treacherously slain, in places where they had taken refuge; above seventy, most noble and distinguished, were murdered at a banquet to which they had been invited, and their dead bodies covered with cloths, and made to serve as tables for the horrible festivity. Others were driven forth, forlorn and desolate wanderers in various parts of the earth, and pursued with relentless hatred; for it was the determination of the usurper that not one of the persecuted family should escape. Aboul Abbas took possession of three stately palaces, and delicious gardens, and founded the powerful dynasty of the Abbassides, which, for several centuries, maintained dominion in the east.

"Blessed be God!" again exclaims the Arabian historian: "it was written in His eternal decrees that, notwithstanding the fury of the Abbassides, the noble stock of Omeya should not be destroyed. One fruitful branch remained, to flourish with glory and greatness in another land."

When the sanguinary proscription of the Ommiades took place, two young princes of that line, brothers, by the names of Solyman and Abderahman, were spared for a time. Their personal graces, noble demeanor, and winning affability, had made them many friends, while their extreme youth rendered them objects of but little dread to the usurper. Their safety, however, was but transient. In a little while the suspicions of Aboul Abbas were aroused. The unfortunate Solyman fell beneath the scimitar of the executioner. His brother Abderahman was warned of his danger in time. Several of his friends hastened to him, bringing him jewels, a disguise, and a fleet horse. "The emissaries of the caliph," said they, "are in search of thee; thy brother lies weltering in his blood; fly to the desert! There is no safety for thee in the habitations of man!"

Abderahman took the jewels, clad himself in the disguise, and mounting the steed, fled for his life. As he passed, a lonely fugitive, by the palaces of his ancestors, in which his family had long held sway, their very walls seemed disposed to betray him, as they echoed the swift clattering of his steed.

Abandoning his native country, Syria, where he was liable at each moment to be recognised and taken, he took refuge among the Bedouin Arabs, a half savage race of shepherds. His youth, his inborn majesty and grace, and the sweetness and affability that shone forth in his azure eyes, won the hearts of these wandering men. He was but twenty years of age, and had been reared in the soft luxury of a palace; but he was tall and vigorous, and in a little while hardened himself so completely to the rustic life of the fields, that it seemed as though he had passed all his days in the rude simplicity of a shepherd's cabin.

His enemies, however, were upon his traces, and gave him but little rest. By day he scoured the plains with the Bedouins, hearing in every blast the sound of pursuit, and fancying in every distant cloud of dust a troop of the caliph's horsemen. His night was passed in broken sleep, and frequent watching, and at the earliest dawn he was the first to put the bridle to his steed.

Wearied by these perpetual alarms, he bade farewell to his friendly Bedouins, and leaving Egypt behind, sought a safer refuge in Western Africa. The province of Barca was at that time governed by Aben Habib, who had risen to rank and fortune under the fostering favor of the Ommiades. "Surely," thought the unhappy prince, "I shall receive kindness and protection from this man; he will rejoice to show his gratitude for the benefits showered upon him by my kindred."

Abderahman was young, and as yet knew little of mankind. None are so hostile to the victim of power, as those whom he has befriended. They fear being suspected of gratitude by his persecutors, and involved in his misfortunes.

The unfortunate Abderahman had halted for a few days to repose himself among a horde of Bedouins, who had received him with their characteristic hospitality. They would gather round him in the evenings, to listen to his conversation, regarding with wonder this gently-spoken stranger from the more refined country of Egypt. The old men marvelled to find so much knowledge and wisdom in such early youth, and the young men, won by his frank and manly carriage, entreated him to remain among them.

One night, when all were buried in sleep, they were roused by the tramp of horsemen. The Wali Aben Habib, who, like all the governors of distant ports, had received orders from the caliph to be on the watch for the fugitive prince, had heard that a young man, answering the description, had entered the province alone, from the frontiers of Egypt, on a steed worn down by travel. He had immediately sent forth horsemen in his pursuit, with orders to bring him to him dead or alive. The emissaries of the Wali had traced him to his resting-place, and demanded of the Arabs whether a young man, a stranger from Syria, did not sojourn among their tribe. The Bedouins knew by the description that the stranger must be their guest, and feared some evil was intended him. "Such a youth," said they, "has indeed sojourned among us; but he has gone, with some of our young men, to a distant valley, to hunt the lion." The emissaries inquired the way to the place, and hastened on to surprise their expected prey.

The Bedouins repaired to Abderahman, who was still sleeping. "If thou hast aught to fear from man in power," said they, "arise and fly, for the horsemen of the Wali are in quest of thee! We have sent them off for a time on a wrong errand, but they will soon return."

"Alas! whither shall I fly?" cried the unhappy prince; "my enemies hunt me like the ostrich of the desert. They follow me like the wind, and allow me neither safety nor repose!"

Six of the bravest youths of the tribe stepped forward. "We have steeds," said they, "that can outstrip the wind, and hands that can hurl the javelin. We will accompany thee in thy flight, and will fight by thy side while life lasts, and we have weapons to wield."

Abderahman embraced them with tears of gratitude. They mounted their steeds, and made for the most lonely parts of the desert. By the faint light of the stars, they passed through dreary wastes, and over hills of sand. The lion roared, and the hyena howled unheeded, for they fled from man, more cruel and relentless, when in pursuit of blood, than the savage beasts of the desert.

At sun-rise, they paused to refresh themselves beside a scanty well, surrounded by a few palm trees. One of the young Arabs climbed a tree, and looked in every direction, but not a horseman was to be seen.

"We have outstripped pursuit," said the Bedouins; "whither shall we conduct thee? Where is thy home, and the land of thy people?"

"Home have I none!" replied Abderahman, mournfully, "nor family, nor kindred! My native land is to me a land of destruction, and my people seek my life!"

The hearts of the youthful Bedouins were touched with compassion at these words, and they marvelled that one so young and gentle should have suffered such great sorrow and persecution.

Abderahman sat by the well, and mused for a time. At length, breaking silence, "In the midst of Mauritania," said he, "dwells the tribe of Zeneta. My mother was of that tribe; and perhaps when her son presents himself, a persecuted wanderer, at their door, they will not turn him from the threshold."

"The Zenetes," replied the Bedouins, "are among the bravest and most hospitable of the people of Africa. Never did the unfortunate seek refuge among them in vain, nor was the stranger repulsed from their door." So they mounted their steeds, with renewed spirits, and journeyed with all speed to Tahart, the capital of the Zenetes.

When Abderahman entered the place, followed by his six rustic Arabs, all way-worn and travel-stained, his noble and majestic demeanor shone through the simple garb of a Bedouin. A crowd gathered around him, as he alighted from his weary steed. Confiding in the well-known character of the tribe, he no longer attempted concealment.

"You behold before you," said he, "one of the proscribed house of Omeya. I am that Abderahman, upon whose head a price has been set, and who has been driven from land to land. I come to you as my kindred. My mother was of your tribe, and she told me with her dying breath, that in all times of need I would find a home and friends among the Zenetes."

The words of Abderahman went straight to the hearts of his hearers. They pitied his youth and his great misfortunes, while they were charmed by his frankness, and by the manly graces of his person. The tribe was of a bold and generous spirit, and not to be awed by the frown of power. "Evil be upon us and upon our children," said they, "if we deceive the trust thou hast placed in us!"

Then one of the noblest Xeques took Abderahman to his house, and treated him as his own child; and the principal people of the tribe strove who should cherish him, and do him honor, endeavoring to obliterate by their kindness the recollection of his past misfortunes.

Abderahman had resided some time among the hospitable Zenetes, when one day two strangers, of venerable appearance, attended by a small retinue, arrived at Tahart. They gave themselves out as merchants, and from the simple style in which they travelled, excited no attention. In a little while they sought out Abderahman, and, taking him apart, "Hearken," said they, "Abderahman, of the royal line of Omeya; we are ambassadors, sent on the part of the principal Moslems of Spain, to offer thee, not merely an asylum, for that thou hast already among these brave Zenetes, but an empire! Spain is a prey to distracting factions, and can no longer exist as a dependence upon a throne too remote to watch over its welfare. It needs to be independent of Asia and Africa, and to be under the government of a good prince, who shall reside within it, and devote himself entirely to its prosperity; a prince with sufficient title to silence all rival claims, and bring the warring parties into unity and peace; and at the same time with sufficient ability and virtue to insure the welfare of his dominions. For this purpose, the eyes of all the honorable leaders in Spain have been turned to thee, as a descendant of the royal line of Omeya, and an offset from the same stock as our holy prophet. They have heard of thy virtues, and of thy admirable constancy under misfortunes; and invite thee to accept the sovereignty of one of the noblest countries in the world. Thou wilt have some difficulties to encounter from hostile men, but thou wilt have on thy side the bravest captains that have signalized themselves in the conquest of the unbelievers."

The ambassadors ceased, and Abderahman remained for a time lost in wonder and admiration. "God is great!" exclaimed he, at length; "there is but one God, who is God, and Mahomet is his prophet! Illustrious ambassadors, you have put new life into my soul, for you have shown me something to live for. In the few years that I have lived, troubles and sorrows have been heaped upon my head, and I have become inured to hardships and alarms. Since it is the wish of the valiant Moslems of Spain, I am willing to become their leader and defender, and devote myself to their cause, be it happy or disastrous."

The ambassadors now cautioned him to be silent as to their errand, and to depart secretly for Spain. "The sea-board of Africa," said they, "swarms with your enemies, and a powerful faction in Spain would intercept you on landing, did they know your name and rank, and the object of your coming."

But Abderahman replied: "I have been cherished in adversity by these brave Zenetes; I have been protected and honored by them, when a price was set upon my head, and to harbor me was great peril. How can I keep my good fortune from my benefactors, and desert their hospitable roofs in silence? He is unworthy of friendship, who withholds confidence from his friend."

Charmed with the generosity of his feelings, the ambassadors made no opposition to his wishes. The Zenetes proved themselves worthy of his confidence. They hailed with joy the great change in his fortunes. The warriors and the young men pressed forward to follow, and aid them with horse and weapon; "for the honor of a noble house and family," said they, "can be maintained only by lances and horsemen." In a few days he set forth, with the ambassadors, at the head of nearly a thousand horsemen, skilled in war, and exercised in the desert, and a large body of infantry, armed with lances. The venerable Xeque, with whom he had resided, blessed him, and shed tears over him at parting, as though he had been his own child; and when the youth passed over the threshold, the house was filled with lamentations.

Abderahman reached Spain in safety, and landed at Almanecar, with his little band of warlike Zenetes. Spain was at that time in a state of great confusion. Upward of forty years had elapsed since the conquest. The civil wars in Syria and Egypt had prevented the main government at Damascus from exercising control over this distant and recently-acquired territory. Every Moslem commander considered the town or province committed to his charge, an absolute property; and accordingly exercised the most arbitrary extortions. These excesses at length became insupportable, and, at a convocation of many of the principal leaders, it was determined, as a means to end these dissensions, to unite all the Moslem provinces of Spain under one Emir, or General Governor. Yusuf el Fehri, an ancient man, of honorable lineage, was chosen for this station. He began his reign with policy, and endeavored to conciliate all parties; but the distribution of offices soon created powerful enemies among the disappointed leaders. A civil war was the consequence, and Spain was deluged with blood. The troops of both parties burnt, and ravaged, and laid every thing waste, to distress their antagonists; the villages were abandoned by their inhabitants, who fled to the cities for refuge; and flourishing towns disappeared from the face of the earth, or remained mere heaps of rubbish and ashes. At the time of the landing of Abderahman in Spain, the old Emir Yusuf, had obtained a signal victory. He had captured Saragossa, in which was Amer ben Amru, his principal enemy, together with his son and secretary. Loading his prisoners with chains, and putting them on camels, he set out in triumph for Cordova, considering himself secure in the absolute domination of Spain.

He had halted one day in a valley called Wadarambla, and was reposing with his family in his pavilion, while his people and the prisoners made a repast in the open air. In the midst of his repose, his confidential adherent and general, the Wali Samael, galloped into the camp, covered with dust, and exhausted with fatigue. He brought tidings of the arrival of Abderahman, and that the whole sea-board was flocking to his standard. Messenger after messenger came hurrying into the camp, confirming the fearful tidings, and adding that this descendant of the Omeyas had secretly been invited to Spain by Amru and his followers. Yusuf waited not to ascertain the truth of this accusation. Giving way to a transport of fury, he ordered that Amru, his son and secretary, should be cut to pieces. His commands were instantly executed. "And this cruelty," says the Arabian chronicler, "lost him the favor of Allah, for from that time, success deserted his standard."

Abderahman had indeed been hailed with joy on his landing in Spain. The old people hoped to find tranquillity under the sway of one supreme chieftain, descended from the ancient caliphs; the young men were rejoiced to have a youthful warrior to lead them on to victories; and the populace, charmed with his freshness and manly beauty, his majestic yet gracious and affable demeanor, shouted: "Long live Abderahman ben Moavia Merwanides of Spain!"

In a few days, the youthful sovereign saw himself at the head of more than twenty thousand men, from the neighborhood of Elvira, Almeria, Malaga, Xeres, and Sidonia. Fair Seville threw open its gates at his approach, and celebrated his arrival with public rejoicing. He continued his march into the country, vanquished one of the sons of Yusuf before the gates of Cordova, and obliged him to take refuge within its walls, where he held him in close siege. Hearing, however, of the approach of Yusuf, the father, with a powerful army, he divided his forces, and leaving ten thousand men to press the siege, he hastened with the other ten to meet the coming foe.

Yusuf had indeed mustered a formidable force, from the east and south of Spain, and accompanied by his veteran general, Samael, came with confident boast to drive this intruder from the land. His confidence increased on beholding the small army of Abderahman. Turning to Samael, he repeated, with a scornful sneer, a verse from an Arabian poet, which says:

"How hard is our lot! We come, a thirsty multitude, and lo! but this cup of water to share among us!"

There was indeed a fearful odds. On the one side were two veteran generals, grown grey in victory, with a mighty host of warriors, seasoned in the wars of Spain. On the other side was a mere youth, with scarce attained to manhood, with a hasty levy of half-disciplined troops; but the youth was a prince, flushed with hope, and aspiring after fame and empire; and surrounded by a devoted band of warriors from Africa, whose example infused desperate zeal into the little army.

The encounter took place at day-break. The impetuous valor of the Zenetes carried every thing before it. The cavalry of Yusuf was broken, and driven back upon the infantry, and before noon the whole host was put to headlong flight. Yusuf and Samael were borne along in the torrent of the fugitives, raging and storming, and making ineffectual efforts to rally them. They were separated widely in the confusion of the flight, one taking refuge in Algarves, the other in the kingdom of Murica. They afterward rallied, reunited their forces, and made another desperate stand near to Almuneear. The battle was obstinate and bloody, but they were again defeated, and driven, with a handful of followers, to take refuge in the rugged mountains adjacent to Elvira.

The spirit of the veteran Samael gave way before these fearful reverses. "In vain, O Yusuf!" said he, "do we contend with the prosperous star of this youthful conqueror; the will of Allah be done! Let us submit to our fate, and sue for favorable terms, while we have yet the means of capitulation."

It was a hard trial for the proud spirit of Yusuf, that had once aspired to uncontrolled sway; but he was compelled to capitulate. Abderahman was as generous as brave. He granted the two grey-headed generals the most honorable conditions, and even took the veteran Samael into favor, employing him, as a mark of confidence, to visit the eastern provinces of Spain, and restore them to tranquillity. Yusuf, having delivered up Elvira and Granada, and complied with other articles of his capitulation, was permitted to retire to Murica, and rejoin his son Muhamad. A general amnesty to all chiefs and soldiers who should yield up their strong holds, and lay down their arms, completed the triumph of Abderahman, and brought all hearts into obedience. Thus terminated this severe struggle for the domination of Spain; and thus the illustrious family of Omeya, after having been cast down and almost exterminated in the East, now took new root, and sprung forth prosperously in the West.

Wherever Abderahman appeared, he was received with rapturous acclamations. As he rode through the cities, the populace rent the air with shouts of joy; the stately palaces were crowded with spectators, eager to gain a sight of his graceful form, and beaming countenance; and when they beheld the mingled majesty and benignity of their new monarch, and the sweetness and gentleness of his whole conduct, they extolled him as something more than mortal; as a beneficent genius, sent for the happiness of Spain.

In the interval of peace which now succeeded, Abderhman occupied himself in promoting the useful and elegant arts, and in introducing into Spain the refinements of the East. Considering the building and ornamenting of cities as among the noblest employments of the tranquil hours of princes, he bestowed great pains upon beautifying the city of Cordova, and its environs. He re-constructed banks and dykes, to keep the Guadalquiver from overflowing its borders, and on the vast terraces thus formed, he planted delightful gardens. In the midst of these, he erected a lofty tower, commanding a view of the vast and fruitful valley, enlivened by the windings of the river. In this tower would he pass hours of meditation, gazing on the soft and varied landscape, and inhaling the bland and balmy airs of that delightful region. At such times, his thoughts would recur to the past, and the misfortunes of youth; the massacre of his family would rise to view, mingled with tender recollections of his native country, from which he was exiled. In these melancholy musings, he would sit with his eyes fixed upon a palm-tree which he had planted in the midst of his garden. It is said to have been the first ever planted in Spain, and to have been the parent stock of all the palm-trees which grace the southern provinces of the peninsula. The heart of Abderahman yearned toward this tree; it was the offspring of his native country, and like him, an exile. In one of his moods of tenderness, he composed verses upon it, which have since become famous throughout the world. The following is a rude but literal translation:

"Beauteous Palm! thou also wert hither brought a stranger; but thy roots have found a kindly soil, thy head is lifted to the skies, and the sweet airs of Algrave fondle and kiss thy branches.

"Thou hast known, like me, the storms of adverse fortune. Bitter tears wouldst thou shed, couldst thou feel my woes. Repeated griefs have overwhelmed me. With early tears I bedewed the palms on the banks of the Euphrates; but neither tree nor river heeded my sorrows, when driven by cruel fate, and the ferocious Aboul Abbas, from the scenes of my childhood, and the objects of my affection.

"To thee no remembrance remains of my beloved country; I, unhappy! can never recall it without tears!"

The generosity of Abderahman to his vanquished foes was destined to be abused. The veteran Yusuf, in visiting certain of the cities which he had surrendered, found himself surrounded by zealous partisans, ready to peril life in his service. The love of command revived in his bosom, and he repented the facility with which he had suffered himself to be persuaded to submission. Flushed with new hopes of success, he caused arms to be secretly collected, and deposited in various villages, most zealous in their professions of devotion, and raising a considerable body of troops, seized upon the castle of Almodovar. The rash rebellion was short-lived. At the first appearance of an army sent by Abderahman, and commanded by Abdelmelee, Governor of Seville, the villages which had so recently professed loyalty to Yusuf, hastened to declare their attachment to the monarch, and gave up the concealed arms. Almodovar was soon retaken, and Yusuf, driven to the environs of Lorca, was surrounded by the cavalry of Abdelmelee. The veteran endeavored to cut a passage through the enemy, but after fighting with desperate fury, and with a force of arm incredible in one of his age, he fell beneath blows from weapons of all kinds, so that after the battle his body could scarcely be recognised, so numerous were the wounds.—His head was cut off and sent to Cordova, where it was placed in an iron cage, over the gate of the city.

The old lion was dead, but his whelps survived. Yusuf had left three sons, who inherited his warlike spirit, and were eager to revenge his death. Collecting a number of the scattered adherents of their house, they surprised and seized upon Toledo, during the absence of Temam, its Wali or commander. In this old warrior city, built upon a rock, and almost surrounded by the Tagus, they set up a kind of robber hold, scouring the surrounding country levying tribute, seizing upon horses, and compelling the peasantry to join their standard. Every day cavalcades of horses and mules, laden with spoil, with flocks of sheep and droves of cattle, came pouring over the bridges on either side of the city, and thronging in at the gates, the plunder of the surrounding country. Those of the inhabitants who were still loyal to Abderahman, durst not lift up their voices for men of the sword bore sway. At length one day, when the sons of Yusuf, with their choicest troops, were out on a maraud, the watchmen on the towers gave the alarm. A troop of scattered horsemen were spurring wildly toward the gates. The banners of the sons of Yusuf were descried. Two of them spurred into the city, followed by a handful of warriors, covered with confusion and dismay. They had been encountered and defeated by the Wali Temam, and one of the brothers had been slain.

The gates were secured in all haste, and the walls were scarcely manned, when Temam appeared with his troops before the city, and summoned the city to surrender. A great internal commotion ensued between the loyalists and the insurgents; the latter, however, had weapons in their hands, and prevailed; and for several days, trusting to the strength of their rock-built fortress, they set the Wali at defiance. At length some of the loyal inhabitants of Toledo, who knew all its secret and subterraneous passages some of which, if chroniclers may be believed, have existed since the days of Hercules, if not of Tubal Cain, introduced Temam, and a chosen band of his warriors, into the very centre of the city, where they suddenly appeared as by magic. A panic seized upon the insurgents. Some sought safety in submission, some in concealment, some in flight. Casim, one of the sons of Yusuf, escaped in disguise; the youngest, unharmed, was taken, and was sent captive to the king, accompanied by the head of his brother, who had been slain in battle.

When Abderahman beheld the youth laden with chains, he remembered his own sufferings in his early days, and had compassion on him; but, to prevent him from doing further mischief, he imprisoned him in a tower of the wall of Cordova.

In the mean time, Casim, who had escaped, managed to raise another band of warriors. Spain, in all ages a guerilla country, prone to partisan warfare, and petty maraud, was at that time infested by bands of licentious troops, who had sprung up in the civil contests; their only object pillage, their only dependance the sword, and ready to flock to any new and desperate standard, that promised the greatest license. With a ruffian force thus levied, Casim scoured the country, took Sidonia by storm, and surprised Seville while in a state of unsuspecting security.

Abderahman put himself at the head of his faithful Zenetes, and took the field in person. By the rapidity of his movements, the rebels were defeated, Sidonia and Seville speedily retaken, and Casim was made prisoner. The generosity of Abderahman was again exhibited toward this unfortunate son of Yusuf. He spared his life, and sent him to be confined in a tower at Toledo.

The veteran Samael had taken no part in these insurrections, but had attended faithfully to the affairs intrusted to him by Abderahman. The death of his old friend and colleague, Yusuf, however, and the subsequent disasters of his family, filled him with despondency. Fearing the inconstancy of fortune, and the dangers incident to public employ, he entreated the king to be permitted to retire to his house in Segnenza, and indulge a privacy and repose suited to his advanced age. His prayer was granted. The veteran laid by his arms, battered in a thousand conflicts, hung his sword and lance against the wall, and surrounded by a few friends, gave himself up apparently to the sweets of quiet and unambitious leisure.

Who can count, however, upon the tranquil content of a heart nurtured amid the storms of war and ambition? Under the ashes of outward humility, were glowing the coals of faction. In his seemingly philosophical retirement, Samael was concerting with his friends new treason against Abderahman. His plot was discovered; his house was suddenly surrounded by troops; and he was conveyed to a tower at Toledo, where, in the course of a few months, he died in captivity.

The magnanimity of Abderahman was again put to the proof, by a new insurrection at Toledo. Hixem ben Adra, a relation of Yusuf, seized upon the Alcazar, or citadel, slew several of the royal adherents of the king, liberated Casim from his tower, and summoning all the banditti of the country, soon mustered a force of ten thousand men. Abderahman was quickly before the walls of Toledo, with the troops of Cordova, and his devoted Zenetes. The rebels were brought to terms, and surrendered the city on promise of general pardon, which was extended even to Hixem and Casim. When the chieftain saw Hixem and his principal confederates in the power of Abderahman, they advised him to put them all to death. "A promise given to traitors and rebels," said they, "is not binding, when it is to the interest of the state that it should be broken."

"No!" replied Abderahman, "if the safety of my throne were at stake, I would not break my word." So saying, he confirmed the amnesty, and granted Hixem ben Adra a worthless life, to be employed in farther treason.

Scarcely had Abderahman returned from his expedition, when a powerful army, sent by the caliph, landed from Africa on the coast of the Algarves. The commander, Aly ben Moguath, Emir of Cairvan, elevated a rich banner which he had received from the hands of the caliph. Wherever he went, he ordered the caliph of the East to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet, denouncing Abderahman as a usurper, the vagrant member of a family proscribed and execrated, in all the mosques of the East.

One of the first to join his standard, was Hixem ben Adra, so recently pardoned by Abderahman. He seized upon the citadel of Toledo, and repairing to the camp of Aly, offered to deliver the city into his hands.

Abderahman, as bold in war as he was gentle in peace, took the field with his wonted promptness; overthrew his enemies with great slaughter, drove some to the sea-coast to regain their ships, and others to the mountains. The body of Aly was found on the field of battle. Abderahman caused the head to be struck off, and conveyed to Cairvan, where it was affixed at night to a column in the public square, with this inscription: "Thus Abderahman, the descendant of the Omeyas, punishes the rash and arrogant."

Hixem ben Adra escaped from the field of battle, and excited farther troubles, but was eventually captured by Abdelmelec, who ordered his head to be struck off on the spot, lest he should again be spared, through the wonted clemency of Abderahman.

Notwithstanding these signal triumphs, the reign of Abderahman was disturbed by farther insurrections, and by another descent from Africa, but he was victorious over them all; striking the roots of his power deeper and deeper into the land. Under his sway, the government of Spain became more regular and consolidated, and acquired an independence of the empire of the East. The caliph continued to be considered as first pontiff and chief of the religion, but he ceased to have any temporal power over Spain.

Having again an interval of peace, Abderahman devoted himself to the education of his children. Suleiman, the eldest, he appointed Wali, or governor, of Toledo; Abdallah, the second, was intrusted with the command of Merida; but the third son, Hixem, was the delight of his heart, the son of Howara, his favorite sultana, whom he loved throughout life with the utmost tenderness. With this youth, who was full of promise, he relaxed from the fatigues of government, joining in his youthful sports amidst the delightful gardens of Cordova, and teaching him the gentle art of falconry, of which the king was so fond, that he received the name of the Falcon of Coraixi.

While Abderahman was thus indulging in the gentle propensities of his nature, mischief was secretly at work. Muhamad, the youngest son of Yusuf, had been for many years a prisoner in the tower of Cordova. Being passive and resigned, his keepers relaxed their vigilance, and brought him forth from his dungeon. He went groping about, however, in broad day-light, as if still in the darkness of his tower. His guards watched him narrowly, lest this should be a deception, but

were at length convinced that the long absence of light had rendered him blind. They now permitted him to descend frequently to the lower chambers of the tower, and to sleep there occasionally, during the heats of summer. They even allowed him to grope his way to the cistern, in quest of water for his ablutions.

A year passed in this way, without any thing to excite suspicion. During all this time, however, the blindness of Muhamad was entirely a deception; and he was concerting a plan of escape, through the aid of some friends of his father, who found means to visit him occasionally. One sultry evening in midsummer, the guards had gone to bathe in the Guadalquiver, leaving Muhamad alone, in the lower chambers of the tower.—No sooner were they out of sight and hearing, than he hastened to a window of the stair-case, leading down to the cistern, lowered himself as far as his arms would reach, and dropped without injury to the ground. Plunging into the Guadalquiver, he swam across to a thick grove on the opposite side, where his friends were waiting to receive him. Here, mounting a horse which they had provided for an event of the kind, he fled across the country, by solitary roads, and made good his escape to the mountains of Jaen.

The guardians of the tower dreaded for some time to make known his flight to Abderahman.—When at length it was told to him, he exclaimed: "All is the work of eternal wisdom; it is intended to teach us that we cannot benefit the wicked, without injuring the good. The flight of that blind man will cause much trouble and bloodshed."

His predictions were verified. Muhamad reared the standard of rebellion on the mountains, the seditious and discontented of all kinds hastened to join it, together with soldiers of fortune, or rather wandering banditti, and he had soon six thousand men, well armed, hardy in habits, and desperate in character. His brother Casim, also, reappeared about the same time, in the mountains of Ronda, at the head of a daring band, that laid all the neighboring valleys under contribution.

Abderahman summoned his alcaydes from their various military posts, to assist in driving the rebels from their mountain fastnesses into the plains. It was a dangerous and protracted toil, for the mountains were frightfully wild and rugged. He entered them with a powerful host, driving the rebels from height to height, and valley to valley, and harassing them by a galling fire from thousands of cross bows. At length, a decisive battle took place near the river Guadalemar. The rebels were signally defeated; four thousand fell in action, many were drowned in the river, and Muhamad, with a few horsemen, escaped to the mountains of the Algarves. Here he was hunted by the alcaydes from one desolate retreat to another; his few followers grew tired of sharing the disastrous fortunes of a fated man; one by one deserted him, and he himself deserted the remainder, fearing they might give him up, to purchase their own pardon.

Lonely and disguised, he plunged into the depths of the forests, or lurked in dens and caverns, like a famished wolf, often casting back his thoughts with regret to the time of his captivity in the gloomy tower of Cordova. Hunger at length drove him to Alarcon, at the risk of being discovered. Famine and misery, however, had so wasted and changed him, that he was not recognised. He remained nearly a year in Alarcon, unnoticed and unknown, yet constantly tormenting himself with the dread of discovery, and with groundless fears of the vengeance of Abderahman. Death at length put an end to his wretchedness.

A milder fate attended his brother Casim.—Being defeated in the mountains of Murcia, he was conducted in chains to Cordova. On coming into the presence of Abderahman, his once fierce and haughty spirit, broken by distress, gave way; he threw himself on the earth, kissed the dust beneath the feet of the king, and implored his clemency. The benignant heart of Abderahman was filled with melancholy, rather than exultation, at beholding this wreck of the once haughty family of Yusuf a suppliant at his feet, and suing for mere existence. He thought upon the mutability of fortune, and felt how insecure are all her favors. He raised the unhappy Casim from the earth, ordered his irons to be taken off, and, not content with mere forgiveness, treated him with honor, and gave him possessions in Seville, where he might live in state conformable to the ancient dignity of his family. Won by this great and persevering magnanimity, Casim ever after remained one of the most devoted of his subjects.

All the enemies of Abderahman were at length subdued; he reigned undisputed sovereign of the Moslems of Spain; and so benign was his government, that every one blessed the revival of the illustrious line of Omeya. He was at all times accessible to the humblest of his subjects; the poor man ever found in him a friend, and the oppressed a protector. He improved the administration of justice; established schools for public instruction; encouraged poets and men of letters, and cultivated the sciences. He built mosques in every city that he visited; inculcated religion by example as well as by precept; and celebrated all the festivals prescribed by the Koran, with the utmost magnificence.

As a monument of gratitude to God for the prosperity with which he had been favored, he undertook to erect a mosque in his favorite city of Cordova, that should rival in splendor the great mosque of Damascus, and excel the one recently erected in Bagdad by the Abassides, the supplanters of his family.

It is said that he himself furnished the plan for this famous edifice, and even worked on it, with his own hands, one hour in each day, to testify his zeal and humility in the service of God, and to animate his workmen. He did not live to see it completed, but it was finished according to his plans by his son Hixem. When finished, it surpassed the most splendid mosques of the east. It was six hundred feet in length, and two hundred and fifty in breadth. Within were twenty-eight aisles, crossed by nineteen, supported by a thousand and ninety-three columns of marble. There were nineteen portals, covered with plates of bronze, of rare workmanship. The principal portal was covered with plates of gold. On the summit of the grand cupola, were three gilt balls, surmounted by a golden pomegranate. At night, the mosque was illuminated with four thousand seven hundred lamps, and great sums were expended in amber and aloes, which were burnt as perfumes. The mosque remains to this day, shorn of its ancient splendor, yet still one of the grandest Moslem monuments in Spain.

Finding himself advancing in years, Abderahman assembled in his capital of Cordova the principal governors and commanders of his kingdom, and in presence of them all, with great solemnity, nominated his son Hixem as the successor to the throne. All present made an oath of fealty to Abderahman during his life, and to Hixem after his death. The prince was younger than his brothers, Soleiman and Abdallah; but he was the son of Howara, the tenderly beloved sultana of Abderahman, and her influence, it is said, gained him this preference.

Within a few months afterward, Abderahman fell grievously sick at Merida. Finding his end approaching, he summoned Hixem to his bed-side: "My son," said he, "the angel of death is hovering over me; treasure up, therefore, in thy heart this dying counsel, which I give through the great love I bear thee. Remember that all empire is from God, who gives and takes it away, according to his pleasure. Since God, through his divine goodness, has given us regal power and authority, let us do his holy will, which is nothing else than to do good to all men, and especially to those committed to our protection. Render equal justice, my son, to the rich and the poor, and never suffer injustice to be done within thy dominion, for it is the road to perdition. Be merciful and benignant to those dependent upon thee.—Confide the government of thy cities and provinces to men of worth and experience; punish without compassion those ministers who oppress thy people with exorbitant exactions. Pay thy troops punctually; teach them to feel a certainty in thy promises; command them with gentleness but firmness, and make them in truth the defenders of the state, not its destroyers. Cultivate unceasingly the affections of thy people, for in their good will consists the security of the state, in their distrust its peril, in their hatred its certain ruin. Protect the husbandmen who cultivate the earth, and yield us necessary sustenance; never permit their fields, and groves, and gardens to be disturbed. In a word, act in such wise that thy people may bless thee, and may enjoy, under the shadow of thy wing, a secure and tranquil life. In this consists good government; if thou dost practice it, thou wilt be happy among thy people, and renowned throughout the world."

Having given this excellent counsel, the good king Abderahman blessed his son Hixem, and shortly after died; being but in the sixtieth year of his age. He was interred with great pomp; but the highest honors that distinguished his funeral, were the tears of real sorrow shed upon his grave. He left behind him a name for valor, justice, and magnanimity, and forever famous as being the founder of the glorious line of the Ommiades in Spain.

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SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1840.

☞ THIS PAPER, under its present editors and proprietors, shall be peculiarly fitted for the *family perusal*. It shall not contain one paragraph, with the spirit of which a father would not wish to have his daughter familiar. It shall never call the blush to the cheek of innocence, or furnish material for the growth of a vicious thought.—With this view, it will ever be firmly, and studiously, OPPOSED TO THEATRES, as things calculated to injure the healthy action of an honest mind—as creative of exhibitions demoralising in tendency, and fearfully pernicious in fact.

Fair Offers.

☞ FIVE DOLLARS *in advance* remitted to this office, *free of postage*, will pay for the Saturday Evening Post for *three years*: or for *one* copy of the Philadelphia Casket and *two* of the Post for *one year*.

☞ SEVEN DOLLARS, *in advance*, will pay for *two* copies of the Post, and *two* of the Casket for one year.

☞ TEN DOLLARS, *in advance*, will be received for *three* copies of the Casket and two of the Post for one year.

☞ TWENTY DOLLARS, *in advance*, will secure *six* copies of the Post, and *six* copies of the Casket for one year.

☞ THE PHILADELPHIA CASKET is made up of *entirely original articles*, with *rich engravings*, and *highly colored fashions*. It is printed on a beautiful and silvery type, entirely different from that of the Post, and constitutes an ornament for the centre table, and an agreeable parlour companion.

☞ Let friends and neighbors, who want entertaining literature cheap, club together, select the best bank-note that they can find, and *remit it by mail*, POSTAGE FREE, to this office. We shall promptly redeem our promises by forwarding the works to their address. tf

Agency.

Mr. C. W. James our agent at Cincinnati, Ohio, is authorised to appoint sub-agents. Our Western subscribers who do not remit by mail can pay their subscriptions into his hand. His office is on Harrison street, the first brick house east of Broadway.

The Liberty of the Press.

Judge Barton, in an excellent charge to the Grand Jury, at the opening of the Court of General Sessions, says, "The constitution of this commonwealth wisely recognises the press as the true and only palladium of public liberty; and asserts in the Declaration of Rights, in the broadest terms, its unrestrained privilege of freedom. But this is to be understood of its use, and not of its licentiousness; and he who prostitutes this inestimable right to the base purposes of personal malignity, must be taught, if we value the feelings of our fellow citizens and the peace of the family fireside, and, if we would desire to prevent men from becoming the avengers of their own wrongs, instead of relying for redress on the strong arm of the law, that there are limits which cannot be transcended with impunity."

These sentiments, are full of sound and wholesome doctrine, and are worthy of the reflection of every Editor in the Union. It is to be feared, that in this country, the true bearings of the Press, upon the happiness and welfare of the people are not properly recognised. Men of all sorts of principles, are to be found controlling and directing this mighty lever, and attacks are made upon persons and morals, with a recklessness truly fearful. The very facilities afforded for the dissemination of useful information, and for sound and wholesome literature are perverted, and the stream, which was intended for the health and happiness of the nation, is turned into the waters of death. Men who find the office and situation of Editor easily assumed, forget the responsibility which it imposes, and launch their envenomed darts, which may poison the happiness of families as well as of individuals, with a sportiveness, alarming to every friend of liberty, of social happiness, and the rights of men.

What right does the situation of an editor give him, to hurl the missiles of death into the bosom of families, or of stabbing the reputation of his fellow citizens? The opinion is but too rapidly extending, that the control of a press, is the possession of a patent, to do as we please with the fair fame of others. The facility afforded for the establishment of printing presses, should rejoice the heart of every good man, and so long as it is properly appreciated, every encouragement should be given the man who desires to avail himself of it, but when any one so far forgets the character of a gentleman, and his duty as a citizen, as to use it for the advancement of his own little ends, and to gratify the malignity of his passions, he should by the common and unanimous consent of the editorial corps, be expelled from the pale of their protection, and from their countenance and support. It is due to the character of the fraternity, to teach men, who press into the profession, that something like gentility is expected of them, and that, they will not be suffered to scatter the fire brands of destruction with impunity.

The law of libel in this State, has been regarded by some, as a vestige of tyranny, hardly compatible with the freedom of our institutions, but it is questionable, whether in the growing recklessness, of many who control the presses of our States its repeal would be otherwise than injurious to the cause of liberty. Those who are loud in denunciation of the law, would, in all probability, be the first to use the privilege which its repeal would give them, to tear to pieces the characters of their fellow citizens. And we doubt even if the truth were always told, whether mankind would grow any better from knowing that one half the world is not as good as it pretends to be. We would rather see the faults of an individual buried, if he has a desire to reform, than to have the wound continually probed, and the ashes raked up, to prove the freedom of the press. The freedom of the press, however, and its licentiousness, are very different things, and those who cannot distinguish between them, should be taught the distinction. We rejoice, therefore, to find that the new Court will be rigid in the interpretation and administration of the law as it is.—There are a few who need lessons.

Water-Coolers and Filterers.

Mr. David Evans, 76 South Second Street, has a variety of very fine Water-Coolers and Filterers, deserving the attention of house-keepers. We have one of the Water-Coolers ourselves, and can recommend the article to all who wish to enjoy the luxury of a glass of cool water during the warm weather. The construction of the article is plain, making its use convenient as well as cheap.

Romance in Real Life.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Star has a notice of M. Guizot, the new ambassador of France to London, in which the following incident is related:

In 1817, among the clever young women who endeavored to earn a livelihood by contributing to the Parisian periodicals, was a maiden, aged about 18, whose name was Pauline de Meulan. She was of an excellent family in Paris, but her near relations, who had given her an excellent education, died, and Madlle. de Meulan had to look out for the means of living. She had a taste for literature, and determined to try whether she could live by her pen. She sent various little tales, essays and poems to some of the newspapers and magazines, but unfortunately none of them succeeded in obtaining insertion,—editors are often hard to be pleased. Madlle. de Meulan had perseverance—she had energy as well as talents—and this made her continue efforts which were literally made without hope of their being successful. Meanwhile, one by one, her ornaments disappeared. They went to purchase food, raiment and fire. At last her perseverance was rewarded.—The managers of a publication called the Publiciste accepted some of her papers, they found merit in the reading public, and it was found worth while to engage her as a constant contributor.—The publication had eminent success, and the payment she received was sufficient to let the young authoress live in comparative comfort.—She even became talked of, went into literary society. At that time no literary soirees were so well attended as those M. Suard, a well known and wealthy *litterateur*, and them, an invited guest, Madl. de Meulan met and mingled with the persons, male and female, most distinguished for talent in Paris.

Thus happily did matters proceed until poor Pauline was unable, from severe illness, to send any more articles to the Publiciste. It is not the custom of editors to pay, when contributions are not sent to them, unless the writers be of such vital importance to the work that it becomes prudent to pay them, during illness, for articles to be written when they are convalescent. Now, poor Pauline de Meulan was very useful to the Publiciste, but her articles were by no means indispensible to its success—especially in a metropolis which supplies very many persons of no less ability than hers, to write "ad libitum" for the work. And Madlle. de Meulan was fully aware of this: so being thus sensible of her situation, and having been unable to save much money, fears of indigence and distress haunted her sick bed. At this moment relief came in a very unexpected manner, so as to seem quite providential, and relieved her terrors, by mitigating the fears, and abolishing the reality of distress.

She was lying on her bed of sickness one morning, sadly musing on the evils present and anticipated, when a packet reached her by the hands of an unknown messenger, directed in a hand she did not know. It contained an article in her own line and manner, which an anonymous note accompanying it requested she would send to the Publiciste, hoping that it would be accepted in lieu of her own. The writer added that he would take leave to transmit her a similar article at regular intervals, until she was quite able to resume the pen. Ignorant of the handwriting, Pauline had no idea who her unknown friend was. He kept his promise, however, and suitable articles were sent at regular intervals, accepted by the editors of the Publiciste, and the same remunerations as her own contributions had produced was thus obtained. By such means, all requisite comforts were secured to her during her illness, and the distress of mind, which would have materially impeded her recovery was wholly relieved.

When Pauline resumed her own literary labors, her correspondent ceased to write for her.—She very much longed to know and thank him, but still months rolled on, and she had no clue by which to ascertain who her benefactor was. At length a young man, pale and slender, with a countenance of a mild and contemplative expression, called upon her and introduced himself as her unknown correspondent.

Pauline de Meulan instantly remembered that she had met this young man at M. Suard's soirees, where she had heard him spoken of as one who had won for himself the reputation of being one of the brightest and most promising young men of the day. She had been struck at various times with his modest demeanor and eloquent and thoughtful conversation, and he, also, had taken notice of her, although until then he had never breathed to her or to any one, the interest her beauty, her simple manners, and her talents, had excited in his heart. This interview was followed by others, until at length Pauline had the pleasure of having the benevolent stranger her recognised lover. Very tenderly they loved each other, and they were married.

But what connexion has this anecdote with M. Guizot? Why, no more than the little circumstances that the actors in this little drama of the heart, were M. Guizot and his wife. The marriage took place in 1812, the same year that he became professor in the University of Paris, which he still holds. But I anticipate. Madame Guizot's Letters on Education and other works, show that she was a clever woman.

Dr Bethune on the Fine Arts.

The lecture of this well known divine, delivered before the Artists' Fund Society, on Tuesday evening last, was distinguished by his usual taste, information, and purity of style. The importance of the art was dwelt upon with some emphasis, a true code of principles in matters of taste held up, and the servility and ignorance with which the frenzy of our country laud the efforts of Americans, however insignificant, was denounced in the strongest terms. The lecturer did not confine himself solely to painting as a theme, as he introduced sculpture, and architecture with some effect into his discourse. He adverted in the happiest terms to the connexion between the arts and manufactures, pointing out how much a fine taste advanced the interests of the latter, and citing the celebrated example of the fortune amassed by Wedgwood, from the sale of crockery made after the classic patterns furnished him by Flaxman. The lecture was listened to with the greatest attention, and we regret only that our space will not permit us to indulge in a more extended notice.

Yet Another Disappearance.

Benjamin Smith, a book-keeper, in the Bank of Pennsylvania, left the bank last Saturday apparently for a few minutes, and has not been heard of since. He was between forty-five and fifty years of age, and a member of the Society of Friends; and has left behind him a wife and grown up son. He some time since spoke of taking a few days relaxation in the country, but his uniform habits forbid the idea that he would do so without informing his friends, who, consequently labor under the most serious apprehensions respecting him. This is the third mysterious disappearance within the last few days.

RATHER SEVERE.—A few days ago, a complaint was brought before Alderman Mitchell, at the corner of Sixth and Commerce streets, in which a man named Hezekiah Newcomb, together with his family, were charged with committing a number of severe and successive assaults and batteries upon the person of a colored girl, about 16 years of age, named Eliza Johnson. Mr. Newcomb resides in Race street, above Fifth. It appeared in evidence that a hired girl, named Ann Barkley, has been seen to strike the girl over the head with a poker more than once; that the son of the defendant, named Hiram, was seen to whip and abuse her, and that Mrs. Newcomb was seen to trample on her neck. The girl, it appears, had been bound to the family, and had, during the term of her service, been treated very ill. On her appearance at the Alderman's office, her head and body appeared very much scarified. Hezekiah Newcomb, his son, and Ann Barkley were each bound over in the sum of $300 to answer the charge alleged against them. The girl is now in charge of the Guardians of the Poor.

NEW WORKS.

MEMOIRS OF MRS HAWKES, *with extracts from sermons and letters of the late Rev. Richard Cecil—by C. Cecil.*—1 vol. *Washington J. Simon, No. 121, S. Fifth street.*—The subject of this memoir, though little known out of her own circle, was a shining example of the purest piety. Possessed of that devotion, which is deep without being extravagant, she daily adorned the cause which she professed, and wherever the circle of her influence reached, shed a silent but resistless power around her. Were there more such beings in the world we should see far less of crime, and guilt, and sorrow.

The memoir is written by Catherine Cecil, the daughter of Mrs. Hawkes, pastor, and is detailed in a pleasant, interesting style. On the whole, this is a valuable book, especially to the religious community.

BURTON'S MAGAZINE, *for May.*—This excellent periodical maintains its former reputation amid the rivalship of all its co-temporaries. The present number contains some fine articles; although the poetry is not generally to be admired. "Columbus," we perceive, is continued. Mr. Poe, has a characteristic little Chit-Chat, and J. E. Dow, Esq. opens a new series of Sea-Sketches. By the way, we should admire this writer more if he had a more correct taste, as many of his best descriptions are spoiled by affectation, coarseness, or bombast.

The Reviews are as usual, good. The Editor promises a number in June, to be made up wholly of contributors from Philadelphia Editors. It will be at least unique.

THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR MAY.—Old Deidrich, punctual to the hour, was at our door, and verily his countenance is full of pleasant and right excellent thoughts. Not the least fascinating of his crowd of rich papers, is the one by Geoffry Crayon; which we have transferred to our outside columns. There is also an interesting article on the Mandan Indians, by W. J. Snelling, Esq. and an excellent little story of the Last War. The poetry, however, is below the usual standard.

The Knickerbocker, nevertheless, is decidedly the first magazine published in the country.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.—A good number, though somewhat inferior to the last. In fact there seems to be a malady among the magazines of the month, scarcely any one of them equalling its predecessors of any former month.

The articles in the present number are "Domestic Industry," by J. H. Lanman, "Moral and Political Freedom," "What constitutes currency," by H. C. Carey, and other papers of interest.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES—*May, 1840. Lea & Blanchard.*—This excellent work, which has won a reputation both at home and abroad, second to no medical journal whatever, is now on our table for May. It is full of interesting cases, and is invaluable to the profession. No medical man is, or ought to be, without it.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN SILK SOCIETY FOR MAY.—To those interested in the growth or manufacture of silk there is not a more valuable work than this periodical. The present number is particularly interesting. Terms two dollars yearly.

INTERESTING WORK.—In addition to the Books of Isaiah and Enoch, on which there is a most learned paper in the last Quarterly relative to these recent discoveries of missing books, we learn that Major Noah of the New York Evening Star, has in press and will publish in a few days in a splendid biblical form, the translation from the original Hebrew of the BOOK OF JASHER, which is spoken of in Joshua and second Samuel.

This work remained among the sacred rolls brought from Syria to Spain, until the discovery of printing, when it was copied and printed in Venice 227 years ago, and now for the first time translated into English and published.

Artist's Fund Society.

This exhibition was opened in the New Hall of the Society in Chesnut above Tenth streets, on Wednesday. The collection is creditable in the highest degree to our Artists. Sully's Victoria occupies a prominent position; and numerous gems crowd the walls around. There are, however, as at all Exhibitions, many pictures which had better have been left in private. We shall speak more at length of this excellent collection, next week, closing now, however, with the remark that the exhibition room is decidedly the best for the purpose in the city.

From Jamaica.

We are indebted to Mr. Gilpin, of the Exchange News Room, for files of the Kingston Morning Journal, and of the Royal Gazette, each to the 17th April.

Great excitement was created at Kingston, on the 7th ult. by the falsely reported failure of the Planters' Bank, by which great losses were occasioned to the poor and less reflecting portion of the community, who, in the panic, sacrificed their notes at discounts varying from 25 to 50 per cent. A run upon the Bank was also produced, but without injury to the institution, which paid all demands.

Public meetings were being held for the purpose of encouraging immigration, for the sake of preserving the sugar plantations from utter ruin for the want of labor. In the parish of Vere alone, the loss sustained by planters from that cause is estimated at £130,000. In the Legislature, on the 7th ult. £50,000 were voted to be placed at the disposal of the Agent General for purposes of facilitating immigration. The Legislature was prorogued on the 11th.

The government of Trinidad had abandoned their intention of annexing it to Barbadoes. A second body of colored emigrants, 253 in number, had arrived there, in the Metamora, 23 days from New York.

THE FATHER OF THE CLERGY.—The Boston Journal of Monday says:—We understand that the Rev. Dr. Ripley, senior pastor of the First Congregational Church, in Concord, Mass. entered on his 90th year on Friday last—and that on Sunday he gave an extemporaneous sermon to his people. This he declared his last, but we trust it will prove otherwise, and the spirit and vigor of the performance were such, we hear, as to justify this expectation. The venerable Doctor is now in the sixty third year of his ministry at Concord, a case of very rare occurrence. We do not know where a parallel just now is to be found to it. It will be borne in mind that the Doctor has never relinquished the active services of the pulpit.

LYNCH LAW ON LONG ISLAND.—The New York Sun chronicles one of those disgraceful violations of law and order so common in other parts of the Union, which occurred on Sunday evening, at Jamaica, L. I. A white girl, who lived with a respectable family in the village, was alleged to have had an improper intercourse with two young negroes the night before. The report created considerable excitement, and a large party, on Sunday evening, sallied from a *tavern*, caught the boys, tarred and feathered them, and then whipped them through the streets. The girl was mounted on a board, carried to the tavern, and there stood up upon the counter for their derision.

CREVASSE AT NEW CARTHAGE.—The river has broken through the bank at New Carthage, in Madison county, La. and made a crevasse about fifty yards in width and about thirty feet deep, from the river to the bayou in the rear of the town. The rupture is below the village, and the water rushes through it with a velocity sufficient to suck in flat boats that coast along that shore. One, laden with hay, was a day or two drawn in and stove against some timbers and sunk.

By the present time the rise in the river has probably overflowed the entire front of New Carthage. The irruption of the water through the crevasse has not raised the water in the Roundaway bayou; it has only augmented the rise lower down and on the Tensas.

BOSTON COMMON.—Boston Common has on it 714 trees. Think of that.

CITY NEWS.

MR. PAUL GEDDIS.—This gentleman mysteriously disappeared from the City Hotel last week. He was last seen between 12 and 1 o'clock, on Tuesday night, by Mr. Crawford, barkeeper of the hotel. Mr. Crawford met him in the street, and was told by him that he was going to a house in Boyd's Avenue, and that there were two men looking for him that he did not want to see. It appeared that he had a few minutes previous been to the hotel, and after sending a servant up into the room for his bang-up, had gone out again. On Saturday, a woman named Eliza Bradley, who keeps a house of ill fame in Boyd's Avenue, and two girls, visiters of her house, named Henrietta and Mary Carroll, were arrested, and underwent an examination at the Mayor's office. There was considerable discrepancy in their testimony, as to the exact night, but they all agreed that upon some night early last week, Mr. Geddis came to the house of Mrs. Bradley, in company with a notorious blackleg, named Zachariah Robbins—that Mr. Geddis remained in the house a few minutes and went away, stating that he would return, but did not,—that Robbins staid in the house till 2 o'clock in the morning. It is reported that Robbins left the city on Tuesday morning in the Harrisburg train. The trunks of Mr. Geddis which were supposed to have contained money and goods, were found in his room open, with the key of one of them in it, and entirely empty of any thing of value. Thus the matter rests. It is, of course, at present, completely wrapped in mystery.

ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—A Mr. Cope, merchant of Cincinnati, who had been staying at the Mansion House, corner of 11th and Market street, during the greater part of the winter, suddenly disappeared about the first of April, and has not been since heard of, either by the landlord Mr. Ottenkirk, or any of his friends in this city or Cincinnati. He left in his room all his baggage, among which are several trunks locked, which are supposed to contain money, clothes and goods of value. He had always been very prompt in paying his board, and at the time he disappeared, was only about a fortnight or three weeks in arrears. He was known to carry about his person, generally from $500 to $1000.

ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—Moses Fry, from Lancaster, (Pa.) arrived in this city during the latter part of last week, and mysteriously disappeared. The police have taken active measures to disperse the fog in which the affair appears to be enveloped. Fry stopped at a tavern formerly known as a drove-yard hotel, in Callowhill street, near Seventh, and has been missing since Saturday night. The police in the mean time have made search, and found several blotches of blood in an aperture leading from the tavern yard into Willow street. The common sewer in Willow street has also undergone search, but the body has not been found.

HER CLOTHES TOOK FIRE.—A child, aged seven years, daughter of Mr. John Sloan, brickmaker, was severely burned on Sunday evening by her clothes catching on fire from the blaze of a candle, which had been carelessly left upon the floor by a servant. There was no person with her in the house at the time, but Mrs. S. who became so much alarmed as to be incapable of rendering any assistance, and the little sufferer would have certainly been doomed to one of the most horrid deaths, had it not been for the timely and very praiseworthy exertions of Mr. S. Drayman and two other gentlemen, who were passing along the street, and heard her cries. In order to reach the yard of the house, they scaled a high fence in the dark, though at the risk of their own lives.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.—Judge Strond of the District Court decided last week in the case of Kerr vs. Marseilles and Martin, that if a man rent a house, and for no specified time, it is a renting for a year. If the parties desire the contract should be for a less period, there should be an express agreement to that effect. That in the absence of such an agreement, the law implies it to be a letting from year to year; and that it is not competent for the tenant to leave at the end of any quarter. This is an important decision, and one that it would be well for both landlord and tenant to register in their remembrance.

U. S. DISTRICT COURT.—THE SEIZURE CASE.—On Monday morning, Judge Hopkinson delivered his charge to the jury in this case, which has been so long pending. The jury retired, and after an absence of about five minutes, came in with a verdict for the United States; which results in a decree of condemnation of all the goods. The counsel for the claimants have excepted to the decision of the Court upon various points of law, which will be argued at the October session of the U. S. Circuit Court, before Judge Baldwin. This Court, we believe, is the highest tribunal to which the case can be carried.

APPOINTMENTS.—The following gentlemen were on Monday, re-appointed Inspectors of the Philadelphia County Prison:

By the Mayor and Aldermen—William E. Lehman.

By the Judge of the District Court—Robert O'Neill.

By the Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions—Augustus Stevenson.

By the last named authority, Messrs. Peter Hay, Elijah Dallett, and Isaac Klein, were reappointed Managers of the House of Refuge.

THE "SPRAY."—This boat was capsized in the Delaware, on Friday last. The number of persons ascertained so far positively to have been lost at the time of the accident is two—a youth named Donelly, whose parents reside at the corner of 4th and Tammany street, and another youth, (name not recollected,) whose parents reside in Southwark. A number of boats were engaged on Saturday in grappling for the bodies, but without success.

MURDERER ARRESTED.—James Botteller was arrested on a charge of having murdered James Bridewell, in Baltimore five years since. Botteler was at the time of his arrest an inmate of the Philadelphia Almshouse. He was taken before Alderman Binns, and committed to prison to await the formal demand of the Governor of Maryland.

SUDDEN DEATH.—On Tuesday morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock, Mrs. Wilson, who kept a dry goods store, in Spring Garden street above Marshall, while giving some orders to her cook respecting dinner, suddenly fell and almost instantly expired. She had but a few minutes previous returned from market apparently in excellent health.

FORGERIES.—There have been extensive forgeries perpetrated in the city, by drawing false checks, and marking them good. The fraud was not detected until the regular daily exchanges of the banks made it apparent. The amount thus obtained is about $13,000. The perpetrators have fled.

A SMALL RIOT.—On Friday week, a number of the laborers on the Kensington Branch of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad struck for higher wages, armed themselves with clubs, and proceeded along the line of the works, compelling those who inclined to work, to break off. So it is said.

GEDDIS NOT MURDERED.—A letter has been received in the city from the father of this gentleman, stating that no further trouble need be given on his account, as he was convinced that he had left for Texas or the West, owing to domestic and pecuniary difficulties.

THE EXPORTS FROM PHILADELPHIA for foreign ports, during the month of April, amounted in value to $307,466. Among the exports were 27,858 barrels of flour, 16,463 bushels of wheat, 8125 bushels corn.

COURT MARTIAL.—This tribunal was organised at the Navy Yard on Monday, and commenced their duties with the investigation of a charge against Lieut. McBlair, of Baltimore.

INSOLVENTS.—190 petitioners were discharged at the last sitting of the Insolvent Court.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Fifteen Days Later from Europe.

The Great Western arrived at New York on Sunday morning bringing London dates to the 14th, and Liverpool to the 15th.

The news, except in relation to China and the Sicilies, is very unimportant. Against the latter, it is said, war had been declared by the British Government; the proceedings against the former will be found below.

Cotton had fallen ⅛d for the poorer Americans, but was brisk.

Flour has fallen. Free American is offering at 39 a 40s. per barrel; 2000 barrels bonded do. have sold at 28s. 6d. per bbl.

The Duke of Wellington was attacked by another fit on the 14th.

Orders have been issued by the British Government for making reprisals upon Chinese commerce. Active preparations are making for prosecuting the war against China both by sea and land.

Sir James Graham introduced, in the House of Commons, a resolution censuring the ministry for their conduct in reference to China.

A warm party debate occurred, and the resolution was rejected by a majority of ten. The result was claimed as a great triumph by the friends of the Melbourne ministry.

On the 7th ult. in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell carried his motion for the second reading of the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenue bill, by which, among other things, some of the richer sinecures of cathedrals are to be abolished, and others reformed, and the money thus saved is to be appropriated, not to any lay purposes, but for the benefit of the poor clergy. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishop of London, voted for this measure.

Parliament adjourned April 15th to the 30th.

Col. James B. Murray has, as agent of North American Trust and Banking Co. negotiated, at Paris, a further amount of $525,000 of Indiana State Stock at a very satisfactory rate (92 including exchange.) Several of the first bankers in Paris are directing their attention to American securities, and a confident opinion is entertained that their sale upon the Parisian Bourse will hereafter be constant.

King Ernest is said to be dangerously ill.

A supplement to the Calcutta Gazette of Feb. 15th states that the fort of Peshoot was stormed on the 17th Jan. by a detachment of the army of Affghanistan. The loss of the British was 16 killed and 34 wounded.

The Netherlands Bank has been authorised to increase its capital 5,000,000 florins.

There seems to be a great difference of opinion between the Paris press and the deputies on the subject of Algiers. The former is anxious for glory and conquest, and will have not only the coast, but the continent kept under French rule, "if it require 100,000 men and 100 millions." The Deputies, however, who are to vote the money and pay for the glory, hesitate to make the sacrifice. Eight out of nine members of the committee thought the money demanded by Government too much; but the fire of the press having since opened, the recalcitrants of the committee have succumbed, and recommend the grant unanimously. M. Thiers has acted very frankly on this subject, never disguising the enormity of the expense, and declaring that if the French would have this "whistle," they must pay, and pay dearly for it.

Spain.—The intelligence from the Northern Provinces of Spain shows that Cabrera had, to a certain extent, succeeded in rousing the spirit of Carlism once more in Navarre and Biscay. Generally speaking, the refugee Carlist officers in France had resolved on re-entering Spain, and some had succeeded, but Elio, Alzaa and Iturmendi were arrested on the French frontier, or shortly after having crossed it. The fermentation in the Basque Provinces was great and increasing. The promise to give employment and situations to the Carlist officers who had capitulated had not been kept. The arrest of a few leading chiefs had removed the danger for the moment, but there was every reason to expect that the present year would not see the termination of the civil war in Spain.

On the 26th ult. Castellotte surrendered to the Queen's troops, after a protracted siege, in which, out of a garrison of 250 men, 40 were killed and 80 wounded. The prisoners were, 287 soldiers, 15 officers, a surgeon, a monk, and three women, one of whom had a wooden leg.

Switzerland.—Some trouble had broken out in one of the counties of Switzerland, and a civil war had taken place in it—it was supposed matters would speedily be settled by the interference of the *Diet*.

India and China.—The Prometheus steamboat, which left Alexandria as late as the 22d of March, has brought advices from Canton to the 5th of January, from Calcutta to the 19th, and from Bombay to the 29th of February. Lord Buckland arrived in Calcutta on the 11th February, and was actively engaged in forwarding and completing the preparation against China. The expedition was to be ready by the 1st of May, and was to consist of the following troops;—

The 21st and 24th regiments with two regiments of Native Infantry from Bengal, one regiment of the Line, four of Native Infantry, one regiment of Artillery, and one of Engineers from Madras; and one regiment of the line from Ceylon, making in the whole a force of about 10,000 men, which was to be ready to proceed to its destination by the first of May.

That destination was supposed to be the Island of Formosa, but it was the opinion of the best informed persons that the object of the Governor-General was rather to alarm than to subdue the Chinese, and to bring them to a proper sense of the value of English commerce and friendly relations. The whole armament was to be placed under the command of Lieut. Gen. Sir R. Arbuthnot, while Generals Oglander and Walker would act under his orders.

Nothing had occurred at Canton to render it probable that commercial intercourse would be renewed; on the contrary, an attempt by Captain Elliott to induce Commissioner Lin to allow the resumption of legal traffic had been met by a positive refusal, and a statement that the Emperor of China had positively interdicted all trade between his subjects and the English, and had ordered that no British goods should, upon any pretence, be admitted. Upon this point Commissioner Lin had issued a new edict prohibiting the conveyance and introduction of the produce and manufactures of this country in foreign vessels.

LATEST FROM CANTON.—The ship Levant, McDowell, at this port, from Canton, with dates to the 15th January, brings intelligence of the blockade of the port by the English, the Admiral having declared his intention to do so on and after the 18th of January. The imperial edict had gone forth to cut off all trade with the English, the foreigners of other nations being permitted to continue their commercial intercourse, provided they cease to shelter or protect the English, or clandestinely attempt to convey them or their property into the harbors. Admiral Kwan has had conferred upon him, by the Emperor, the title Pa-too-loo, for his "thundering attack" upon the English ships.

Foreign Varieties.

FATHER MATTHEW.—The Temperance Reformation is still progressing in Ireland. We have some valuable details, for which we shall endeavor to find room in the course of a day or two.—Father Matthew recently administered the pledge to 32,000 persons in Wexford, and to 20,000 persons of all ages in the small town of Enniscorthy. This indefatigable philanthropist is unquestionably one of the greatest moral reformers of the age.

SEVERE ACCIDENT.—On Monday evening, the wife of Mr. Thomas Bicknell, was dreadfully scalded, while endeavoring to lift a kettle of boiling water from the fire.

O'Connell on Temperance.

This celebrated man, in the course of a speech lately made in Dublin, after congratulating his countrymen on their present quiet, uses the following remarks concerning the late temperance movement:

I hail, with the most unalloyed feelings of delight, this disposition of my countrymen, and the tranquility that at present prevails over the land. But, above all, I hail with feelings of joy and gratification, to which I confess I am utterly unable to give expression, the mighty miracle of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors that has been wrought. (Tremendous cheering from all parts of the House.) O, blessed be my God that has given me to see the day that Ireland, universal Ireland, has set an example such as has never been equalled by any other nation of the earth, whether savage or civilised. A few, a very few years ago, indeed, the feast of our great patron saint, St. Patrick, was celebrated in a manner the most iniquitous and degrading. Then even female lips were polluted by the poisoned draft, and hundreds of thousands sacrificed to the filthy Moloch of intoxication. Who, I would ask, that saw last Patrick's day and this was not struck with the mighty change that came over the habits and morals of the people. To see immense masses coming forward to say they were purified from the grossness that had so recently overwhelmed them—who did not feel the full force of that moral energy that had forever dashed the poisoned draught of intoxication from their lips. (Great applause, and "one cheer more for the Teetotallers.") I may, perhaps, be asked why it is that I do not myself practise what I preach? I have been always sober. I do confess I did entertain a very strong notion, indeed, to take the pledge, but then I considered that my doing so might be construed by some that it was for party or political purposes. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) However my mind is fully made up on that point. A cry may be raised against me, but what I preach to others, I am able to practise within myself.—Let every man who hears me enquire of his own heart what power it was that urged forward this imposing exhibition of moral control over the worst of passions? A gentleman informed me that he had been recently through four of the largest towns in the south of Ireland, and that not in a single instance had he seen a human being go into a public house in any of them. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Other countries of the earth have been converted to Christianity, as ages roll on; but in Ireland the conversions were simultaneous, so that preachers of the word could not be had in numbers sufficient to give baptism to the converts, and in the course of three or four years all the land was a land of converts, and that miracle of Heaven has again been enacted here. A great moral change, general and universal, has come over us, and I laugh to scorn all our calumniators when Ireland will thus be a land of morality. I have been led away by this topic, but it is a topic so intimately connected with that act of justice which we seek to obtain, that I could not refrain from thus adverting to the subject.

CURIOUS WATER-SPOUT.—A late English periodical contains an account of a remarkable water-spout, verbally communicated to the Irish Society by the Rev. Dr. Dickinson. Toward the end of July last, while he was standing on the shore of the Bay of Killiney, he saw a large water spout, distant about a quarter of a mile from the land.—It was not similar in form to the representations of water-spouts generally given, but was shaped like a double syphon, the whole being suspended at a considerable elevation in the air; the longer end of the syphon reached toward the sea, and appeared to approach it nearer and nearer, until, at length, its waters were distinctly seen rushing into the deep. The loop gradually lowered, as if sinking and lengthening by its own weight, while the upper part of the syphon seemed not to lose its elevation. At length the loop burst, and there were three streams of water pouring into the sea, two of these streams still continuing united by the arch at the top. The breadth of these streams gradually diminished till they became invisible, but their length seemed undiminished as long as they were seen. The quantity of water poured down must have been very considerable, as the bubbling of the sea beneath could be distinctly observed. What would Mr. Redfield or Mr. Espy say to this?

THE ELOPEMENT CASE.—The occupants of the Hotel Trouchet, Rue Trouchet, behind the Madeline, in Paris, were roused from their slumbers on Wednesday night, or rather Thursday morning, (for it was between two and three o'clock,) by screams of "murder!" and piercing shrieks. It appears that the hotel had among its lodgers Dr. Lardner and Mrs. Heavyside, whose flight from Brighton, and pursuit by the injured husband, have been mentioned in the English papers. Mr. Heaveside and Colonel Spicer, (Mrs. Heavyside's father,) who, with four servants, had arrived from England, had ascertained the address of the guilty pair, and having obtained an entrance, the lady was dragged out of her bed, notwithstanding her screams for assistance, and removed to the Hotel de l'Europe, Rue de Rivoli, and an hour afterward was removed by her father from Paris, *en route* to England.

EXTRAORDINARY SPEED.—It is stated that the 10 feet wheels, attached to the locomotive engines employed on the Great Western Railway, England, not being found fully to answer the expectations of the directors, they have altered their plan, and in future, wheels of seven feet diameter only are to be employed. The result has been the attainment of a greater speed. At one point of the route, a velocity of 56 miles per hour was obtained; or greater than was ever before obtained in the history of locomotive power.

PIG IRON.—The quantity of pig iron made in Staffordshire last year is calculated at rather more than 338,000 tons, and the number of puddling furnaces 581, each consuming 12½ tons of coal per week.

THE QUEEN.—The Queen and Prince Albert take occasional rides in her Majesty's pony phaeton in Hyde Park. The Queen generally drives—as befits a Sovereign.

SINGULAR!!!—A washing woman instituted an action against the Prince of Capua for £16 10s. and obtained a verdict in the Court of Queen's Bench.

ONE HUNDRED BARRELS AN HOUR.—There have arrived, by the Western boats since Tuesday evening, 5000 barrels of flour. All the canal boats are loading with it for the East.

LADY MORGAN.—Lady Morgan has just published a new work entitled "Woman and her Master."

Latest from Texas.

By the steamer New York, arrived at New Orleans, dates to the 18th ult. were received from Galveston.

The persons who were killed in the recent battle with the Centralists, are reported to have been nearly all Americans. Arista's loss, notwithstanding that he gained the victory, is said to have been 600—200 more than the Federalist loss. No part of the Federal force had retreated to Austin, as had been reported. The Texans had received them with greeting, and nearly their whole body was concentrated in and about Victoria, where the citizens had given them a splendid dinner. Col. Samuel A. Plummer has arrived there direct from the seat of Government, with orders to raise men to protect the frontier. Similar orders had been received by Capt. Gill to raise 200 men in Brazoria county, and report himself ready for duty in Victoria, with all possible haste.

The Galveston Civilian says the Texan Government sustains Gen. Hunt on the question in relation to the line between Texas and the United States—the United States' Commissioner contending that the whole of Sabine Lake is within the limits of his country, and Gen. Hunt contending that the line should divide the lake in the centre.

NAVAL.—The U. S. ship Cyane was at Toulon on the 4th of April.

Twenty-sixth Congress.—First Session.

MAY 1, 1840.

HOUSE.—The session continued last night again until 11 o'clock. The committee rose only for the reason that the members were exhausted. The proposed amendments for the Cumberland Road ($100,000 for Ohio, and the same for Indiana and Illinois) were rejected. The vote on the amendment was 92 to 94.

Ten thousand dollars were appropriated for carrying into effect the recent convention or agreement between the United States and Mexico. An appropriation to the same amount was also made for the survey and establishment of the boundary line between the United States and Texas.

A vote has just been taken in favor of the appropriation of $105,000 for the Treasury Building instead of $53,000, (the sum first proposed,) and the amendment is adopted, making an appropriation sufficient to complete the Treasury Building.

SENATE.—Nothing of importance.

MAY 2, 1840.

HOUSE.—The Civil and Diplomatic bill was before the Committee of the Whole until between eleven and twelve o'clock last night, and, *mirabile dictu*, some progress was made in the business of the House.

The House proceeded to the consideration of important items of the bill, after making the appropriation for additional expenditure on the President's House.

For the Collector of the port of New York, to meet the amount of goods destroyed by fire, $3350.

Foreign Relations and Salaries of Ministers, $63,000.

For Secretaries of Legation, $14,000.

For Minister resident at Turkey, $6000.

For Charges des Affaires to Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, Brazil, Chili, Peru, New Grenada, Venezuela, Texas, Naples and Sardinia, $58,000.

For contingent missions abroad, $30,000.

On Friday night, the following items of the Civil and Diplomatic Bill were passed by the House.

For the payment of artists engaged in executing four historical paintings for the Rotunda, $8000.

For Statutes to Persico and Greenough, $8000.

For the Penitentiary in the District of Columbia, $14,500.

For the payment of the expenses growing out of the Sixth Census, $725,000.

For surveying the public lands, $215,000.

For closing the survey of the public lands, $18,640.

For retracing certain old surveys of public lands, $17,000.

For completing the surveys of unfinished portions of townships, islands and capes in Florida, $10,000.

For completing the New York Custom House, $118,700.

For the Boston Custom House, $121,000.

The civil and diplomatic bill was taken from the committee of the whole this evening, at 7 o'clock. The amendments moved by the chairman of the committee of ways and means were concurred in by the House, and the bill was passed before 8 o'clock.

The House adjourned to meet again on Monday, at 8 o'clock, and will then adjourn to Thursday. No public business will therefore be done before the close of the week. The Senate will do no more than pass the bill for the civil and diplomatic expenses. The excuse for adjourning is the necessity for ventilating the hall.

BOUNDARY QUESTION.

MOVEMENT OF BRITISH TROOPS.—The Quebec Gazette of 29th April, has these paragraphs.

Halifax papers of the 18th and St. John, N. B. of the 20th, were received this morning. In addition to the 26th Regiment, the Apollo brought small detachments of the 64th, 68th, and 82d regiments.

SAINT JOHN, April 16th.

We learn that two companies of the 69th Regiment, now in this Garrison, are to proceed to Fredericton, and that more troops are expected here from Halifax.

THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.—A Maine Journal announces that a body of United States regulars had entered, or were about to enter, the Disputed Territory. The intelligence created some sensation in New York on Monday.

MAINE BOUNDARY RUMORS.—It is said that the United States troops, understood to have been ordered to Houlton, are in fact ordered to the Disputed Territory—a portion of them to the station on Fish River, and the remainder to Fort Fairfield.

The Mascal Plant.

If the description below be not very much exaggerated, our gardeners should lose no time in producing the Mascal Plant.

The extraordinary vegetable production, (a description of which has never been published,) is only to be found on the Rio Grande, and its tributary streams, N. W. of the Mexican republic. It grows spontaneously on the most barren and sterile mountains in that country, and is as much esteemed as an article of food by the Mexican Indians, as is the Buffalo, and the Deer, by the more northern neighbors. The mascal grows in the shape of a cabbage head, and may be found as large in size as a half barrel; it is thickly covered with sharp prickly protuberances to the length of from twelve to fourteen inches, the root is very small, the head has also a thick covering of leaves much resembling in shape those of the Plantain tree, which are very juicy, and when prepared for eating in the same manner as the head, afford a sweet and nutritious beverage, answering every purpose to allay thirst.

The process used for cooking this plant is very singular, yet if digressed from in a single instance the mascal is spoiled and rendered unfit for use: it consists of digging a hole or pit in the ground to the depth of four or five feet, which must be covered with a layer of heated rocks on which the mascal is to be placed with the root downward, a thick coat of leaves and brushes must be thrown over the mouth of the pit, over all of which is to be laid a thin coat of dirt just sufficient to prevent the heat or steam from escaping. In this situation must the mascal remain (according to Indian computation) for three days and three nights when it may be taken out and found perfectly cooked and most delicious. In flavor it resembles a ripe mellow peach each succeeding day adding to its good qualities; it increases in excellence by age. One plant alone do the Indians subsist upon for months, being perfectly satisfied with their food, and esteeming it above all other. About half a pound of mascal is by them deemed sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger for a day, and is always carried with them on their hunting and other excursions. As I before observed, the leaves of this favored plant contain a rich and beautiful beverage, although forming a most extraordinary combination of food and drink, thus affording another illustration of the beneficence of a kind Providence in securing even to the wild and untutored savage a luxury which their more favored and civilised brethren might well envy.

I have seen the mascal so thick in some places as to form an almost impenetrable front of thorns as formidable in appearance as would be the same number of glittering spears covering the whole expanse of the country as far as the eye could see; in travelling through which the incautious or unwary will be reminded by a gentle step, of the necessity there is to have a care.

A FISH STORY.—The Peoria (Ill.) Register chronicles the capture of a *catfish* in Peoria Lake, weighing one hundred and forty pounds! It was five feet long, three and a half round, and twelve inches between the eyes. On opening it, it was found to contain two large fishes, one of which appeared to have been swallowed but an hour or two previously, and the head and wings of a wild duck. The flavor, according to the editor of the Gazette, who tried it, was excellent.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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T. W. H. Richmond, of Washington city, D. C. is NOT an agent for the Saturday Evening Post or any other paper.—"Be cautious."

To Correspondents.

The solution of the mathematical question in the Post of the 16th ult. is not correct.

The poetry by "Virginia" has several fine stanzas, but none of them will bear the whole. It contains a touch of satire about the description of the conflagration.

Song—Sing to earth with Heaven now.

Lines—Looking back with love and sighs.

But current on those scenes down stern.

Lines—Oh! beautiful, beautiful clouds!

The 6th stanza in the one in the Saturday Evening Post of the 16th ult. is the Refrain or Refrain.

Calmly as it's when watched by woman.

The word "Refrain" signifies "singing the notes he did, a strength it is admirably fitted to express emotion alike of joy or sadness."

Music—It is well we agree. But we doubt not that each voice listens to an "unknown" poetry, which would be quite the same to each, and yet not the same.

Thanks to our Wood Pointe correspondent, who has sent us a very interesting communication, which shall appear next week. As soon as we can arrange the fragments they shall be given to readers.

Answer to enigma next week.

Lines—Most truly signed.

Lines—Almost finished enough to pass—but lacks one thing—spirit.

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES

Whig Convention at Baltimore.

On Monday the Whig Convention assembled in Baltimore, in the manner we have already stated, from all sides in the Union, but principally from Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. It was opened in prayer at 11 o'clock, and met in the morning, and searched out of the city for rare ground. After arriving there the convention was formed, and elected Henry L. Harrison, of Md. president, and appointed twenty-six vice presidents and secretaries each. The latter were composed of Messrs. Chly, Webster, Preston, Southard, Sargeant, and a number of others. The procession contained a number of banners, log cabins, cider barrels, and other rural things. Some of the latter were very elegant and were adorned with mottoes and devices of various kinds.

John H. Laughlin, one of the marshals, a carter by trade, residing in Baltimore, was killed, during the procession, by a blow from some person unknown. The Sun gives the following particulars of this melancholy and disgraceful affair:

"The procession was proceeding down Baltimore-street, a large crowd following in the rear—marching, carrying on the top of a pole a stuffed figure representing General Harrison as a pedlar, and when they arrived at the corner of Howard-st. they attempted to turn in with the procession. Mr. Laughlin stepped out of the ranks with the view to stop them, when the crowd rushed over the head from a stick, which deprived him of life. A coal boat, containing six persons owned by Andrew, was passed, near Cushon, and the Rev. Mr. Hubbard, who was on board, had his head severely cut by a stone in the corner of a handkerchief, among by the hand of a man named Jones, who had associated a large crowd around the ladies from their friends. He had been tried for murder.

Democratic National Convention.—The Convention of the democratic party to make a selection of President and Vice President of the United States, is to supported at the next election, met at Harrisburg on the 5th inst. The state of Tennessee was appointed President, and Hon. W. T. Rogers, of Pennsylvania, and five gentlemen Vice Presidents. The number of delegates present from each State, were counted to draft resolutions expressive of the views of the convention in relation to the affairs of the Union, to draft an address to the people of the United States, and to offer to the convention suitable persons for President and Vice President. The proceedings was then addressed by Messrs. Hoare, of Indiana, Duncan, of Ohio, and Brown, of Mississippi. The convention adjourned to meet next day.

The Convention assembled again on Wednesday, and unanimously nominated Martin Van Buren for President, and Richard M. Johnson was read, in which he urged upon his friends the necessity of forbearance, deemed that he had not been consulted, and begged them to make no nomination as would prevent discussion or division. A resolution was then adopted to leave the nomination for President and Vice President to each State.

Senator Election.—The latest returns show a majority of 72 sang delegates and 53 democrats.

Twelve counties, electing ten senators, elected four in the whig and six in the democratic. As far as heard from, the whigs stands Whig fifteen, democratic sixteen, one to be heard from. The strength in the house is not materially so, being a majority of six as the whole number. In Frederick county it is called whichever Luther's whig ticket was elected. Rush has received satisfaction—the first from the High Sheriff, the former from the Clerk. The Locofocos have succeeded in that county the popular vote of over 60 counties on the votes of the same counties at the Presidential election in 1836, and finds a whig gain of 1,753 votes.

The Legislature of Connecticut met at New Haven on the 4th inst. A caucus was held in the evening at the house to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of the Hon. Theodore Dwight.

Third District Examination.—The examination of witnesses in the case of the contested election between Messrs. Ingersoll and Naylor, closed on Tuesday.

The Rhode Island Legislature assembled at Newport, Rhode Island, on Tuesday.

FINANCIAL RECORD.

Bank Dividends.—The following dividends were declared by the banks of this city on Monday, out of the profits for the last six, and nine of the last twelve months, viz: Philadelphia, 6 per cent; Mechanics, 6; Kensington, 6; Commercial, 3; Manufacturers, 3; Mechanics, 3; Schuylkill, 6; Girard, 3; Farmers and Mechanics, 6; Innerkietta and Mechanics, 6; Penn Township, 6.

Money rate to be met on good security.—We understand that the State Comptroller made application to some of our Banks for a temporary loan of $100,000 on 1 day—and $200,000 on 3 months from the several Banks, amounting in the aggregate to $1,200,000, at the rate of 5½ per cent. interest per annum.—N. Y. Paper.

A New Counterfeit.—We learn that a day or two since, a woman was seen with several counterfeit notes on the Bank of North America, the denomination of which was $5, dated September 1836—letter H—number 1222—paper quite thin—payable to S. Edwell.

Bridge of Sighs.—A letter from Madrid, dated 1st, gives the estimated income of Spain for the year 1840 at more than $20,000,000 sterling, exclusive of the colonies of Cuba and the Philippines, which together afford a free revenue of $5,000,000.

Mail Robbed.—The schooner Siderl, arrived at this port on Tuesday from Tampico. Part of her cargo consisted of $81,324 in specie.

GENERAL NEWS.

Horrid Death by Intemperance.—Two young men, named Judah Hutchins and Asa Grace, one sixteen and the other eighteen years of age, both residing at Shapleigh, York county, (Me.) went to work, on the 26th ult. for a man in the village, who paid them for their services. They started home reeling from the effects of the liquor. In the morning they were found lying dead in the snow.

Shocking Act.—A sailor named Dodenkocked a man named Clancey down in Dorer street, New York, on Saturday night; while there, the miserable man was run over by an omnibus the driver of which saw him, but did not choose to get out of the way. The sailor then knocked down a bystander who aimed properly to defend. He was secured afterward by the police. Mr. Clancey was taken to the hospital.

Fire.—A merchant from Detroit, lately arrived in New York, says there were 32,000 barrels of Flour there, waiting to be shipped to New York as soon as the Lake was clear of ice at Buffalo. The ice is now all gone, and the whole Flour from Detroit is port of it on the way down. Three years ago Michigan imported Flour from Buffalo; now they have it to sell to large quantities.

Steamboat Accident.—A Mr. Thomas Williams has sued the Penn Sylvania Steamboat Company with him property to the amount of two millions in specie and in British Treasury Notes. Our country it will be seen is not alone in the great work of persistence and thoughtlessness. They have "a touch of the critter" about.

Another Disturbance on the Canal.—The Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat states that a number of the workmen on the new canal at Portage, quarrelled on Sunday, the 25th ult, and one of the parties was killed and two others severely wounded. Several of the rioters had been arrested.

Mad Gazing Great Case.—We learn from the New Orleans Bee, that Mrs. Gaines, the wife of General Gaines, has succeeded in the prosecution of her claims to an immense amount of property, worth millions of dollars value, as one of the heirs of the late Daniel Clark. The United States Court has given judgment in her favor.

Max Drowned.—On Wednesday afternoon the body of a man was found ashore about two miles below Harrisburg. To all appearance it had been a long time in the water. The body was in such a disgusting condition that it was impossible to ascertain who the unfortunate individual was.

Arrested Case.—The Circuit Court at New Haven have affirmed the decree of the District Court—pro confesso—and the government of the United States, at the instance of the Spanish minister, have appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. The decree must therefore remain in jail until next January.

Distressing Insanity at Cincinnati.—In the Irish Gardeners' Magazine, it is stated not only that the insect called the wheat fly is extremely common in this country, but that nothing can subdue it so much to the benefit of a garden as a number of domestic plants that would, otherwise, be destroyed.

Wreck.—The New Orleans Bulletin, of the 23d ult. states that the ship Patriot, Edwards, of Philadelphia, from Galveston, bound to Liverpool, struck on the bar outside of the Balize, and became a total wreck. The crew and passengers were all saved.

A Mustering Gun.—At the West Point Foundery, in Cold Spring, N. Y. on the 30th ult. a cannon of 12 inches bore was cast for presenting either shells or solid shot, the former weighing 164, and the latter 240 lbs. The cannon was 131 tons.

Accident.—A young man in Charlestown, Mass. named Mr Call, in attempting on Thursday last to spring upon the tongue of a cart, laden with ice, fell backward, the wheel passed over his body, causing his death.

Cows.—The Harrisburg Reporter says the grass, grain, the grass, fruit and garden vegetables, about that neighborhood, never promised a finer reward to their owners, when the day arrives for harvesting. Also that of all present.

Fatal Accident.—A man named John Poor man was killed on Wednesday morning, at the canal lock, Harrisburg, by a piece of timber falling on his head.

Sale of a Slaver.—The slaver Butterfly, captured last year by the British, was sold in New York on Thursday last, by order of the proper commissioner, by the U. S. Court of the District.

Mormon Dai.—It is said that it costs the great mormon of Gotham $200,000 for their annual mormon of May. That, of course, includes breakage.

Tobacco.—A continued tobacco chewer, says the St. Louis Gazette, for fifty years, chews one pound and a quarter in length of tobacco in that time.

Bacon's Monument.—The Lt. Gov. of Canada has issued a proclamation of £50 for the discovery and apprehension of the perpetrator or perpetrators of the destruction of Brock's Monument.

Exchanges.—There are forty professors of religion in Congress—forty-one of whom have formed themselves into a social praying circle, which meets every Saturday evening.

Killed by a Fall.—A Mr. Meagness and a soldier named Smith were killed by a fall in Hartford county, Maryland, by the falling of a tree.

Gun Sale.—A newly made coffin established was recently sold out by the Sheriff of St. Louis.

Injured.—A woman named Charles Bigley, recently fell from a vessel at Savannah, and injured herself very severely.

The Housekeeper is extending its wonders rapidly. We see that it has been figuring at Portland, Me.

Fire Bug.—Major Gr. W. Healy, of Huron, fell dead, a few days ago, while sowing grain on his farm. He was much respected.

Child Drowned.—On Saturday a little child was drowned in the dock at the foot of 14th street, New York.

Fire.—Wm. M. Fitch, it is stated, embarked from Liverpool, on the 9th of April, for New York.

Counterfeits.—Counterfeit, plated five-cent pieces, as perfect in appearance as the genuine, are in circulation in New York.

Stage Upset.—Two ladies were recently hurt by the overturning of a stage near Brighton, Boston.

Fracas in the Canal.—A breach has taken place in the Erie Canal beyond Schenectady, N. Y. A serious thing of this nature.

An Arabian Nose.—The first Arabian ship that ever arrived at Salem, Mass. is now in that harbor. She is called the Sultana.

Flour.—Flour at Cincinnati on the 26th, 27 and 28, Wheat 45 cents.

Planks on On.—Last Tuesday, a whale was killed off Long Island—400 lbs of oil.

The Storm King!!!—Professor Espy was lecturing at Louisville, Ky. on the 29th ult.

Nomads.—The National Hotel opens the first of next month.

Fatal and Horrible Accident.—We learn by the agent of the Trenton and Philadelphia steamboat Hornet, that Mr. John Souder, a respectable farmer at Four Mile Ferry above Trenton, while out in the field with his gun on Saturday last for the purpose of shooting a hawk which had been for some time an annoyance to the poultry of his neighbors accidentally shot himself in the head, carrying away much of his skull almost instantaneously. A person who was in the field with him at the time, says that Mr. Souder had set the breech of his gun upon the ground, and while in that position with the muzzle toward his head, in being moved it went off, producing the melancholy consequences above related. Mr. Souder was the brother of the former President of the Mechanics' Bank at Trenton, now a merchant of that city, was highly esteemed by all who knew him; and has left a respectable family to lament his untimely end.

Methodist General Conference.—The legislative branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, was organized in Baltimore on Friday last, the Rev. John A. Collins, of the Baltimore conference, as Secretary, and the Rev. J. B. Houghton, of the Troy, and the Rev. Thomas B. Sargeant, of the Baltimore conference, as Assistant Secretaries. The Rev. Robert Newton, of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, in England, was introduced by Bishop Roberts, and the Rev. Mr. Simson, representative of the Missionary Department, and the Rev. Mr. Pearson, General Representative of the Methodist Church in Canada, were also present. The meetings of the body will be held daily, and questions of deep interest, it is expected, will be discussed.

Forgery.—Letters have been received at Tallahassee, Fa. stating that the Indians at Tampa are again using for peace. A conference has been held with Sam Jones and another Seminole chief, through an interpreter. The Indians informed them that they were anxious to make a treaty, and go west; that they were in a very distressed condition for provisions, and so on. Twenty days were given them to come in. No confidence is, however, placed in the sincerity of the Indians.

A Whole Kine.—Two rogues seeing a waggon coming over the bridge at Boston, begged the driver to give them a ride, which he kindly consented to do, and they cut off his pockets and took out a pittance of money amounting to $235, which he was commissioned to deliver to a merchant of Salem.

A Low Lot.—Mr. Israel Morris, the keeper of the Guard Lock at the Muney dam, was killed on Wednesday last, between the hour of 11 and 12, by a fall from a horse, while in the act of thoughtlessly riding over a cow that lay upon the Lock Bridge.

Trouble.—A Jamaica paper states that a vessel from Carthagena had brought intelligence to that place of a disgusting condition that it was impossible to ascertain who the unfortunate individual was.

Arrested Case.—The Circuit Court at New Haven have affirmed the decree of the District Court—pro confesso—and the government of the United States, at the instance of the Spanish minister, have appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. The decree must therefore remain in jail until next January.

Distressing Insanity at Cincinnati.—In the Irish Gardeners' Magazine, it is stated not only that the wheat fly is extremely common in this country, but that nothing can subdue it so much to the benefit of a garden as a number of domestic plants that would, otherwise, be destroyed.

Wreck.—The New Orleans Bulletin, of the 23d ult. states that the ship Patriot, Edwards, of Philadelphia, from Galveston, bound to Liverpool, struck on the bar outside of the Balize, and became a total wreck. The crew and passengers were all saved.

A Mustering Gun.—At the West Point Foundery, in Cold Spring, N. Y. on the 30th ult. a cannon of 12 inches bore was cast for presenting either shells or solid shot, the former weighing 164, and the latter 240 lbs. The cannon was 131 tons.

Accident.—A young man in Charlestown, Mass. named Mr Call, in attempting on Thursday last to spring upon the tongue of a cart, laden with ice, fell backward, the wheel passed over his body, causing his death.

Cows.—The Harrisburg Reporter says the grass, grain, the grass, fruit and garden vegetables, about that neighborhood, never promised a finer reward to their owners, when the day arrives for harvesting. Also that of all present.

Fatal Accident.—A man named John Poor man was killed on Wednesday morning, at the canal lock, Harrisburg, by a piece of timber falling on his head.

Sale of a Slaver.—The slaver Butterfly, captured last year by the British, was sold in New York on Thursday last, by order of the proper commissioner, by the U. S. Court of the District.

Mormon Dai.—It is said that it costs the great mormon of Gotham $200,000 for their annual mormon of May. That, of course, includes breakage.

Tobacco.—A continued tobacco chewer, says the St. Louis Gazette, for fifty years, chews one pound and a quarter in length of tobacco in that time.

Bacon's Monument.—The Lt. Gov. of Canada has issued a proclamation of £50 for the discovery and apprehension of the perpetrator or perpetrators of the destruction of Brock's Monument.

Exchanges.—There are forty professors of religion in Congress—forty-one of whom have formed themselves into a social praying circle, which meets every Saturday evening.

Killed by a Fall.—A Mr. Meagness and a soldier named Smith were killed by a fall in Hartford county, Maryland, by the falling of a tree.

Gun Sale.—A newly made coffin established was recently sold out by the Sheriff of St. Louis.

Injured.—A woman named Charles Bigley, recently fell from a vessel at Savannah, and injured herself very severely.

The Housekeeper is extending its wonders rapidly. We see that it has been figuring at Portland, Me.

Fire Bug.—Major Gr. W. Healy, of Huron, fell dead, a few days ago, while sowing grain on his farm. He was much respected.

Child Drowned.—On Saturday a little child was drowned in the dock at the foot of 14th street, New York.

Fire.—Wm. M. Fitch, it is stated, embarked from Liverpool, on the 9th of April, for New York.

Counterfeits.—Counterfeit, plated five-cent pieces, as perfect in appearance as the genuine, are in circulation in New York.

Stage Upset.—Two ladies were recently hurt by the overturning of a stage near Brighton, Boston.

Fracas in the Canal.—A breach has taken place in the Erie Canal beyond Schenectady, N. Y. A serious thing of this nature.

An Arabian Nose.—The first Arabian ship that ever arrived at Salem, Mass. is now in that harbor. She is called the Sultana.

Flour.—Flour at Cincinnati on the 26th, 27 and 28, Wheat 45 cents.

Planks on On.—Last Tuesday, a whale was killed off Long Island—400 lbs of oil.

The Storm King!!!—Professor Espy was lecturing at Louisville, Ky. on the 29th ult.

Nomads.—The National Hotel opens the first of next month.

Fire Boston Ayres.—By the Rattler, at New York from Montevideo; the editors of the Courier and Enquirer have received Buenos Ayres papers to the 23th February, and Montevideo to the 6th of March. Matters on the river Plate remain in much the same position as at our last accounts. The blockade by the French squadron strictly enforced, and Rosas apparently unmoved. We were, however, not prepared to find, which we do—an official account of the battle next Monte video, between Rosas, the Buenos Ayres commander, and Rivera, commanding the Montevidean forces, in which the former claims a complete victory over his opponent, and states that nothing had prevailed his attacking his trenches on the succeeding day, but that he found his ammunition was expended. It will be recollected that the Montevideans on this occasion slaughtered all the prisoners.

Fora and Bear.—James Gardner, the New York inspector of beef and pork, returned the quantity inspected from 1st January, 1839, to 1st January, 1840, at 71,715 bbls. and 330 half bbls. The total value of which was $102,079—fees of inspection, &c. $1,847 45.

The Weather in Canada.—On Saturday, the weather was hot as midsummer—thermometer at 75 deg. in the shade. Yesterday morning, we had a half an inch thick, and snow two inches deep.

Our Mail Bag's.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money, with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar received by mail, at this office, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money examined, if the letter contains anything but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved, if all letters were properly paid in this manner.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 15th April to the 6th May.

April 23, received from ... $4 00
A. Hogan, Esq. ... 1 00
A. Kinney, Esq. ... 100 00
C. Mayer, Esq. ... 2 00
W. W. Tyler, Esq. ... 2 00
F. C. Hasey, ... 2 00
E. E. Evans, Esq. ... 2 00
J. Hall, ... 2 00
A. Grafton, ... 2 00
A. E. Dallas, ... 2 00
S. Hopkins, ... 2 00
T. Hinkel, ... 1 50
J. Hiers, ... 2 00
Wm. McConnell, ... 3 00
Rev. J. Ford, ... 2 00
Wm. Morton, ... 2 00
Capt. P. Reis, ... 2 00
Jos. Coulter, ... 2 00
H. Russell, ... 2 00
H. Rynard, ... 2 00
Wm. Hallowell, ... 2 00
Benj. Johnson, ... 2 00
John Sharpus, ... 2 00
David Deihl, ... 2 00
D. Mifflin, ... 2 00
W. Mitchell, ... 2 00
J. Hutchinson, ... 2 00
Rev. Mr. Hodgson, Esq. ... 2 00
Rev. Mr. Hodgson, ... 2 00
S. Hinkle, ... 2 00
H. Frick, Esq. ... 2 00
John A. Hall, Esq. ... 13 00
J. Hutchinson, ... 2 00
J. Hutchinson, ... 2 00
Jas. Peasely, Esq. ... 10 00
W. H. Watson, Esq. ... 2 00
April 27.
S. Anstice, ... 1 00
Gen. W. Allison, ... 2 00
J. Wise, ... 2 00
Rev. Mr. Hodgson, ... 2 00
Gen. P. Muse, ... 2 00
Gen. Thomas, ... 2 00
B. D. Mettan, ... 2 00
Dr. P. Kirkbride, ... 2 00
Miss H. Pratt, ... 2 00
J. Hutchinson, ... 2 00
W. S. Jones, ... 2 00
J. P. Wragh, ... 2 00
Rev. Mr. Hodgson, ... 2 00
C. Lodian, ... 2 00
Dr. Bellfield, ... 2 00
J. W. Yarborough, Esq. ... 2 00
Rev. Mr. Hodgson, ... 2 00
Gen. Thomas, ... 2 00
B. D. Kinsler, Esq. ... 2 00
Rev. Mr. Hodgson, ... 2 00
Rev. Mr. Hodgson, ... 2 00
Dr. Bellfield, ... 2 00
Rev. Mr. Hodgson, ... 2 00
Rev. Mr. Hodgson, ... 2 00
Rev. Mr. Hodgson

THE OHIO.

Victory's the spoon of life.
That gives it all its flavor.

To her who will! Understood it.
Your dress up to that girl
With a tete (it's the lord of her stocking.'

Old Rose.

There's a sweet pretty damsel who trips round the street,
With a tip that at sorrow seems always a meeting;
Any height, every day of this fine one you meet,
You will know by the hole in the heel of her stocking.

Her locks are the curse—her eyes the amulet,
And her foot is so short that it does not need docking.
Her bust is perfection—but—mistake we a corset,
There's a frightful great hole in the heel of her stocking.

When I saw her first at Rose Hall Manor,
Like a parrot (my husband's heart was a hawking.)
But when I rais'd it round to the place I loved not.
Yi-tode-ee-Oppopot—a hole in her stocking.'

The next time I met her, the sweet little dear
On her lover's arm was leaning, their arms interlocking;
I was chill'd to the heart, and shed many a tear,
For that horrid great hole in the heel of her stocking.

Oh, would she where none (if she take a corse,
I would buy me a needle of green or gray hocking,—
I would buy me a needle of green or gray hocking,—
I'd sit cross legg'd a month, or I'd take the Broom House,
Till I'd knit up that hole in the heel of her stocking.

Ah, sweetest! enough are the woes of each day
To stir up the saddest, and stir us to sorrow
But it not for my sake, for sweet's, pray
Buy a needle, and darn up that hole in your stocking.

F. F. H.

A POLISH JOKE.—During the reign of Stanislas on Poniatowski, a petty noble having refused to resign to Count Thiesenau his wife's estate, the count invited him to dinner, as if desirous of amicably adjusting the affair; and whilst the knight in the pride of his heart at such unexpected honor, assiduously applied the bottle, the count despatched some hundreds of peasants with axes, ploughs, and wagons, ordering the village, which consisted only of a few wooden buildings, to be pulled down, the materials carried away, and the plough passed over the ground which the village had occupied. This was accordingly done; and the nobleman on his return could find neither road, house nor village. The master and his servants were alike bewildered, and knew not whether they were dreaming, or had lost the power of discrimination, but their surprise and agony were deemed so truly humorous, that the whole court was delighted with the joke.

EDITORIAL DILEMMA.—During the dead season, the editor of a country paper being much distressed for matter, ransacked every hole and corner for intelligence; and after having, as he thought, completed his task, sat down to dinner with what appetite he might. In the middle of it he was interrupted by the entrance of his familiar, alias "the devil," demanding "more copy." "Blast the fellow," "More copy?" said he. "Why, have you put in shorter all the tremendous news from found in Mr. Jones's field?" "Yes, sir." "And the account of the prodigious crop of apples gathered from Mr. Timon's trees?" "Yes, sir." "And about Mr. Thompson's kitten being sucked by a hedgehog?" "Yes, sir." "And Mr. Smith's dreadful accident with his tumbril, alias chaise as he passed down Holborn Hill?" "Yes, sir." "About the man who stole the corn out of the sack in the farm yard?" "Yes, sir, it's all in, but there is still a full and half wanting." "Then add," said he, with great dignity, "that they must an de-cased-ly thrashed it out on the premises."

SCHEME OF EARLY DAY HAPPINESS.—Good temperation and a clear conscience, the very truest in the fields will tell you, are craving necessaries. But when these are secured, there are high relishes to which, to the sensitive and educated at least, are to happiness what foliage is to the tree. They are refinements which add to the beauty of life without diminishing its strength; and as the early spring only from a better use of our common gifts, they are neither costly nor rare. Many have learned scarcely more than the love of existence, which would add to the luxury of the rich. The blessings of a cheerful fancy and a quick eye from fine nature, and the feasting of a rare and discovenger them as well as the cultivating of a King's chamber.

FIRST-RATE.—"That may be a very good portrait of him," said one to another, while looking at one of the monumental sculptures, and that tolerable Dutchman—but what a curious nose it has! It is natural indeed."

"So it is—the artist certainly has not drawn it none worthy the face of the author of Gloria Tavia."

"I don't know that—for the nose itself is decidedly all of a piece!"

MODESTY.—Beauty is never so lovely and attractive as when it is hidden beneath the veil of retiring modesty. The most beautiful flower of the garden that most attract and charm the senses, never appears so lovely as when it is behold sweetly peeping from the midst of its curtain of green leaves, which serve to partially protect it from the sun and elements, and renders its charms doubly interesting and beautiful.

THE CHARTIST.—Who but the Omnipotent could have formed the man, whose brain carried out the desired course, unguided it without support in its blue vault, saying, "This is thy station, and this thy brilliant road." Could any power save that of Eternal, have founded the earth, the sun, and all the planets; those unbeveringly performs their course within the orbits he has prescribed for them.

THE NIGHTWATCH.—He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I hear often, the clear note, the sweet descants, the natural songs of birds, falling in a silent shadowing of her notes, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou prepared for the saints in heaven, when they officiest had unto such music on earth!—Walton.

HOME.—The Earl of Orrery justly observes, that whenever we step out of domestic life in search of felicity, we come back again disappointed, tired and disgusted. One day passed abroad out upon the road, with our friends and our family, is worth a thousand in another place.

A YOUNG ENSIGN of a regiment, stationed not far from Manchester, residing in lodgings, the old long-faced of which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable friends, who, on taking leave, said, "Well, Charles, and how much longer do you mean to remain in this shell?" to which he calmly replied, "Until I become a lieutenant."

MUSICAL RESEARCH.—"I cannot," said a lady who was leaning upon a rail, at the open house during a little conference—"I cannot, for the soul of me, find a note." "Never mind that, my dear," replied her companion, "so long as you have got hold of a tail."

GREENLETS.—A fashionable city lady, while in the country a short time since enquired, "what those animals were with *prairie horns* growing out of their ears?" as though it was not granted for a woman to know a cow.

"What time is it Tom?"
"Just time to pay that little account you owe me."
"O, indeed! well, I did'nt think it was half so late, so I must be off or I shall lose my dinner."

CONSTITUTIONAL COLD.—When I have a cold in my head," said a gentleman in company, "I am always remarkably dull and stupid." "You are usually so, my friend, then, replied another, "for I do n't remember ever to have seen you without a cold on your head."

A TOPER'S IDEA OF TEMPERANCE.—Temperance is a grand virtue: therefore, always be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Sip glasses of claret before breakfast—as much as any one man ought to take unless he is extraordinarily thirsty, and didn't drink enough on going to bed. But even to that case he should not exceed twelve, no less

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK

The following beautiful description is from the introduction to "Master Humphrey's Clock." It is equal to the best things of the pen.—Ed.

I, Humphrey Clock, a little old man of Elia, breathing a warmth of heart, a mock good-nature, a sympathy with every thing around us in this changing world which no one with the milk of human kindness in his bosom can fail to appreciate.

Eds. S. F. Post.

I am not a chatelain old man. Friendless I can never be, for all mankind are of my kindred, and I am on ill terms with no one member of my great family. But for many years I have led a homely, solitary life;—what wound I sought to heal, what sorrow to forget, originally, matters not now; it is sufficient that retirement has become a habit with me, and that I am unwilling to break the spell which for so long a time has shed its quiet influence upon my house and heart.

I live in a remarkable nook of London, in the old house, which in bygone days was a famous resort for merry roysterers and peerless ladies, long since departed, and their haunts shady places, with a paved court-yard so full of echoes, that sometimes I am tempted to believe that faint responses to the noise and bustle of old times live here, and that three ghosts of sound haunt my footsteps as I pace it up and down. I am the more confirmed in this belief, because I have often noticed that silence my walks have been less loud and startled than they were wont to be; and it is pleasanter to imagine in them the rustling of silk dresses, and the light step of high-heeled shoes, than to recognise in their silenced note the filling tread of one man.

My house is filled to the read of brilliant rooms and gorgeous furniture, would derive but little pleasure from a minute description of my simple dwelling. Those that attend my walks have been long used to it, and would look at in slight regard. Its worm-eaten doors, and low ceiling crossed by clumsy beams, its walls of wainscot, which time has turned to gloomy shrouds its small chambers, communicating with each other by winding passages or narrow steps; the many nooks, and nice larger than its corner-cupboards; its very dust and dullness, all are dear to me. The moth and spider are my constant companions, for in my house the one plies his busy loom, and the other plies his busy loom, secure and undisturbed. I have a pleasure in watching, as a summer's day, how many butterflies have lost the beginning of my twilight, and laughter in some dark corner of these old walls.

* * * * *

I have never been made a misanthrope because I was deformed. I have never been stung by any insult, nor wounded by any jest upon my crooked figure. As a child I was melancholy and timid, but that was because the gentle consideration paid to my misfortune sunk deep into my spirit and made me sad, even in those early days. I was but a very young creature when my poor mother died, and yet I remember that often when I hung at her knee, and looked up into her face, and saw her pale cheek and her sunken eyes, she would catch me to her bosom, and bursting into tears, soothe me with every term of fondness and affection. God knows I was a happy child at those times, and happy to nestle in her breast—happy to weep when she did—happy in not knowing why.

These sort of recollections are certainly impressed upon my memory, that they seem to have occupied a whole years. I had numbered very few when they ceased forever, but before then their meaning had been revealed to me.

I do not know whether all children are imbued with a quick perception of childish grace and beauty and a strong love for it but I was. I had no thought that I remember, either that I possessed it myself or that I looked for it in others, but it was always present to me, and I cannot describe. A little knot of playmates—they must have been beautiful, for I see them now—met me one sultry summer day and my mother's knee in eager admiration of some picture representing a group of infant angels, which she held in her hand. Whose the picture was, whether it was familiar or unknown to me, or how all the children came to be there, I forget. I have some dim thought it was my birth day, and that some one had given it to me; but whether it were all together in a garden, and it was summer weather—I am sure of that, for one of the little girls had roses in her hair. There were many sturdy angels in this picture, and I remember the fancy coming upon me to paint out which of them I would resemble—which stand nearest, and that I had gone through all my companions, I stopped and hesitated wondering which was most like me. I remember the children looked at each other, and my turning red and hot, and their crowding round to kiss me, saying that they loved me all the same; and then, and when the old woman came into my room and kissed and cried under her own particular cherub—but I remember that I was not comforted, for all the soothing words could bestow, and that I had gone through all my companions, I step